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TWO SPLENDID SUPPLEMENTS ARE GIVEN AWAY WITH THIS ISSUE.

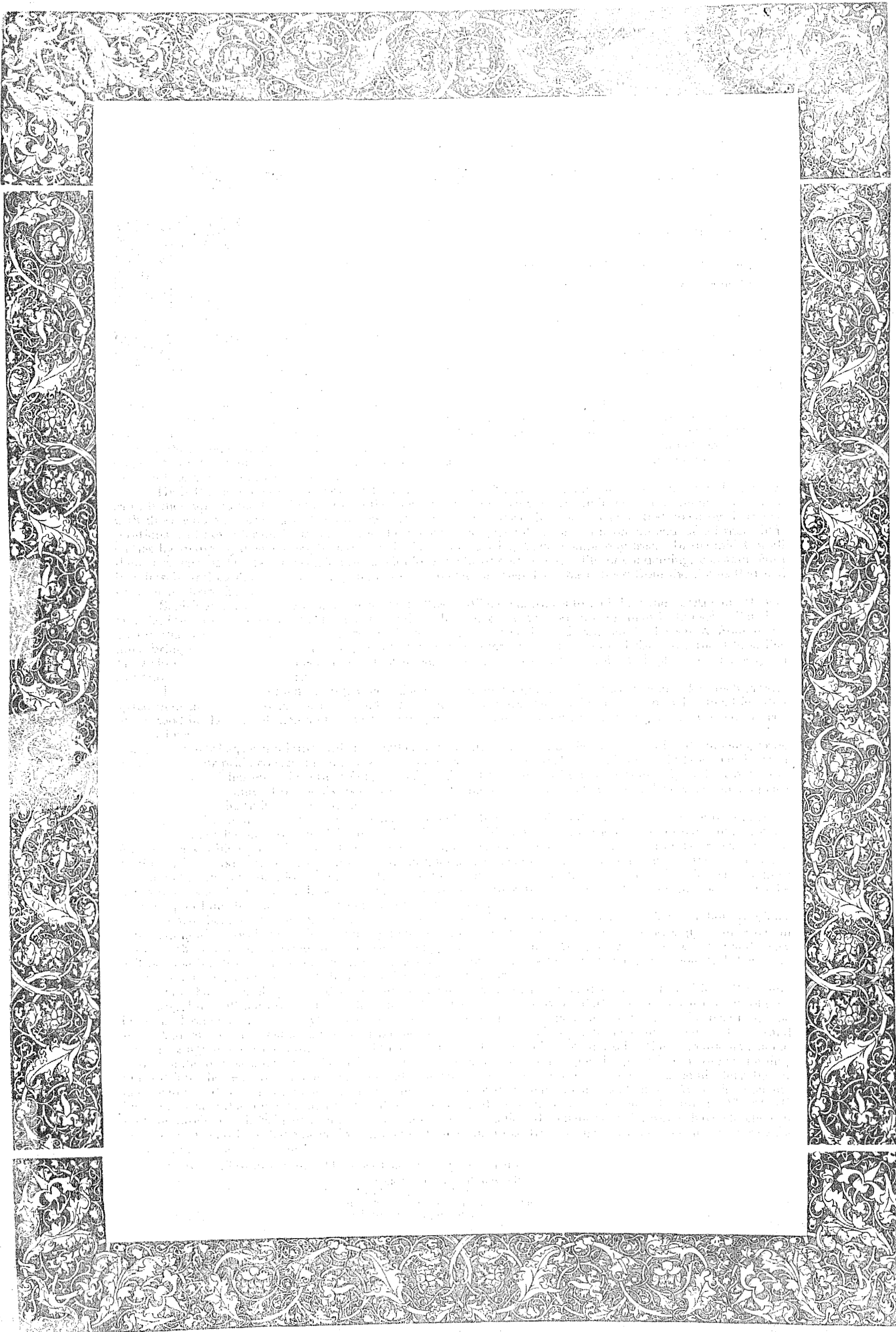
THE WAR CRY

CHRISTMAS 1907



The
New Settlers
First Christmas





CHRISTMAS · IN · HEAVEN



A TOUCHING · STORY · OF · SALVATION
ARMY · RESCUE · WORK



H EAVY storm had been blowing westward across the prairie. For some moments I had been standing by the window endeavouring to catch a glimpse of the "Isolated Building," but the rifts of blinding snow made such a feat impossible. While standing there my mind was absorbed with anxious thought for those who possibly at that very moment were overtaken by the suddenness of the storm. I then became conscious of someone near me, and turning I met the dark, luminous eyes of Edith, the pet patient of the Women's Public Ward, No. 111. In childlike faith and simplicity she said:

"Jesus keeps in the storm, Nurse!" Instantly I felt reproved for my lack of faith, and replied: "Yes, Edith, it is true, Jesus keeps His loved ones in the storm, and the Psalmist tells us: 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.'" Before I could make further reply the ambulance bell rang, announcing another patient.

It was only about four months since this very ambulance had brought Edith to our Hospital. She was then an orphan of about fourteen summers—Her mother having died three years previously—Her father she had never known. After her mother's death she was left to the care of a family almost as destitute as herself, who cared little or nothing about her. And so hungry, friendless, and alone, she fell an easy victim to the corrupt life of the street.

One cold-drizzly morning, just at the dawning of the day, the Officers of the Salvation Army Rescue Home were returning from York Street whence they had gone on an errand of mercy; and happening to cross Baintly Alley they noticed lying near a disreputable looking saloon a bundle of something they knew not what. On reaching the spot, they found it to be that of a young girl. There she lay fast asleep. One arm lay outstretched on the damp ground as though appealing for help; the other pillowed her head. Truly it was a sight sad enough to wring pity from a heart of adamant! Nor had she either coat or hat. A pair of old broken slippers were all that covered her feet; her hair, dark and matted, fell in loose curls about her shoulders, and every line of her pale worn face told the story of misery, wretchedness and neglect.

Presently Edith—for that was her name—opened her eyes, and looking about her in astonishment, not unmixed with alarm, exclaimed: "Who are you?"

With tear-bedimmed eyes the Officers knelt beside her and, gently stroking her hands, the Captain said: "Dear little sister, won't you come with us? We will love you and care for you. Come away."

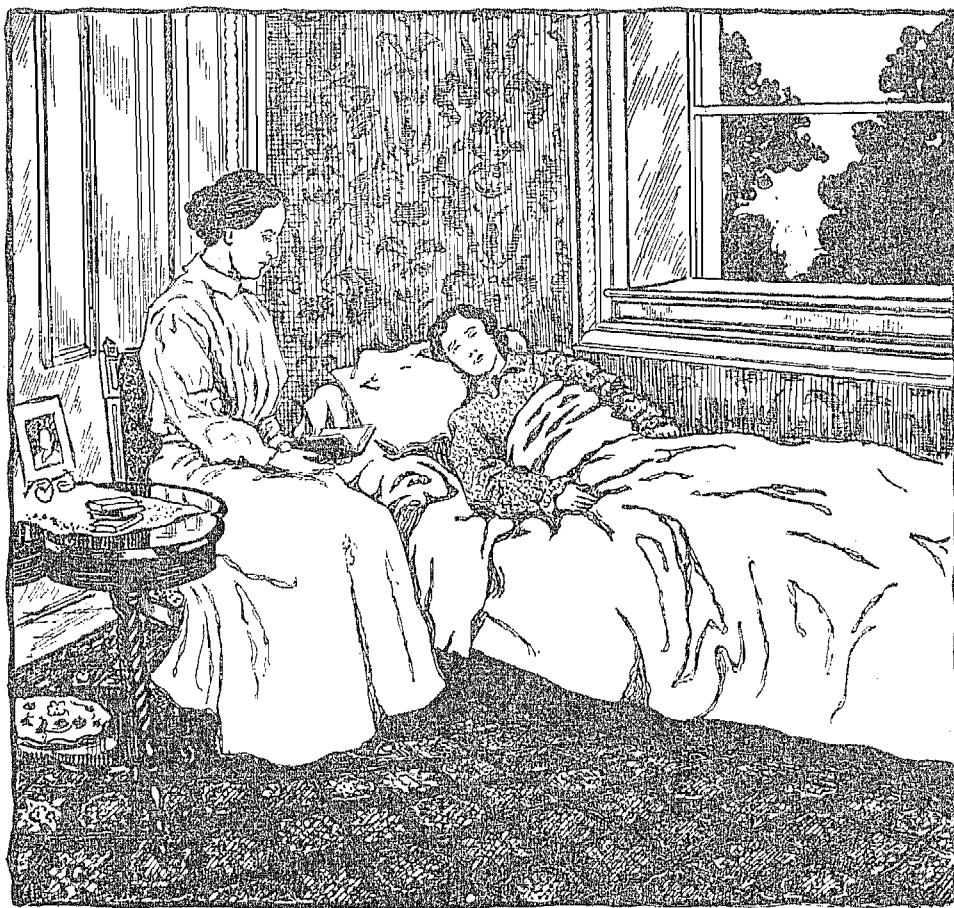
In response she gave the Officer one searching look as if to assure her troubled mind that the speaker really meant her.

"Yes," continued the Captain, "we love you. See, you are damp and cold, won't you come?"

After a few moments hesitation, she answered: "Yes, I will come—if you let me."

Lovingly the Officers assisted her to arise, and with arms linked in those of their new charge they wended their way slowly towards the Rescue Home.

On their arrival the Matron received the poor girl with motherly tenderness, and after a tempting breakfast, a warm bath, and fresh clean clothes, Edith not only felt, but looked, like a new creature.



The Captain gently read: "Come now and let us reason together."

The next day, however, it was found that she was ill, and on summoning the Doctor, it was discovered that both her lungs were badly affected. Indeed, the Doctor informed the Matron that if the disease was not checked, she would not live long.

During the first part of her stay in the Home she was very quiet and reserved. Sometimes the Matron would talk to her about the love of Jesus and His death on the Cross to save her and the whole world from sin. And, although she always listened attentively, she was never known to make a reply. But one day, when urged by the Officer to yield her heart to God, she replied in agitated tones—"I can't—I am too big a sinner!"

Turning to the Bible the Captain gently read: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet—" "Oh," interrupted Edith, "If my sins were only scarlet; but they are black—as black as night."

Tenderly the Officer instructed her as to the plan of Salvation, but Edith failed to see the Arms of Mercy outstretched to save her.

One day as the Matron was passing through the hallway she overheard Edith trying to spell out a text from one of the Mottoes on the wall. Coming to her side, she said: "Won't you let me read it for you, dear?"

Edith assented, and the Matron read: "Christ Jesus came into the world, to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

"Chief," repeated Edith, "what does that mean?"

"Chief means the very biggest," replied the Matron with quiet emphasis.

"Oh, then! I guess that must mean me!" exclaimed Edith in troubled tones.

"Yes, dear," answered the Matron, "these are Jesus' loving words to your heart. Won't you let Him save you?—just now?"

So kneeling together before the little text, Edith, shedding a flood of penitent tears, poured out the sorrows of her young heart to her Saviour, and laid her load of sin at His bleeding feet. A little later she arose

from her knees, with a soul unburdened, and the peace of God, "which passeth all understanding" stamped upon her brow.

From that time forward—Edith was a changed girl. Sunshine took the place of shadows, and bright smiles, to that of cold reserve. Everybody noticed the change.

Four weeks after Edith was brought to the Home she was removed, by order of the Doctor, to the Hospital. And during the two succeeding weeks she was critically ill. In fact, the Doctor entertained no hope, whatever, of her recovery. But it so happened that she took an unexpected turn for the better, and gradually began to take a new hold of life again, so that by the end of November she was moving about the ward both hopeful and happy.

Edith soon became a general favourite not only with the patients but also with the Doctors and Nurses. Her bright smiles, and gentle unobtrusive manner, won the heart of everyone, and she became known as "Sunshine."

Much to the delight of everyone it was arranged that on Christmas day the convalescent patients should have dinner together. A long table, prettily decorated, was to be placed in the centre of the room, and the patients were to sit in cushioned chairs, and to be served with a bountiful repast of turkey, plum pudding, apples, oranges, nuts and whatnots. "Oh! what happy anti-

pations there were! The very 'under-chronics' ward, some of whom never intended to smile again, actually laughed that day.

In the afternoon, it was stated, that the Matron was going to sit at the table and serve the turkey. Everybody was delighted. Then one of the patients laughingly suggested that "Sunshine" should sit at the foot and serve the coffee and cocoa. The idea was caught up at once, and so it was unanimously voted that "Sunshine" should be:

Queen of the May
On Christmas day.

After a whispered consultation it was finally decided that a crown should be made of a wreath of green leaves filled with clusters of pink and white carnations—the carnation being Edith's favourite flower. The women set to work, and in a surprisingly short time the wreath of green leaves was made.

But before the decorations were quite completed I was instructed to retire to my room for rest and to be ready promptly at 7 p.m. for night duty, in the Women's Ward.

By the time I had reappeared on duty the crown was finished and lay on the centre-table—the admiration of all, and Edith in particular. A little later, while preparing some medicines in the small dispensing room Edith peeped through the door and told me that the day had been a very pleasant one; that the Matron from the Rescue Home had been up and brought her book of Bible pictures and some flowers, and as she showed me the pretty sprays she pressed the petals affectionately to her lips.


Edith was always glad to see the Officers, although not a Salvationist at the time myself, I must confess to having been glad to see them too. Indeed, I shall never forget the inspiration it was to me to hear their quiet "God bless you, Nurse!"

About 12 o'clock that night, as I was passing with my lighted candle through the ward, I heard someone, in a whispered voice, call: "Nurse." Immediately I followed in the direction of the sound, and discovered

[Concluded on Page 8.]



But the best of all I have to say of any Japanese social occasion is that, whether it be Sunday, holiday, common day, and whether there be tea or feasting, jig lantern or gramophone, or just the unhelped action of two or three soldiers, there is certain to be a desperate effort to get sinners to the penitent form. No sooner does anybody halt in front of the lamps that decorate the hall upon a special occasion than there is somebody at his shoulder apprising him that there is a welcome for him to Christ on the spot. One of the great features of the Army's usual Christmas action was connected with the work here also, although of course surrounding more especially the end of the month. During the Russian War there had been estab-



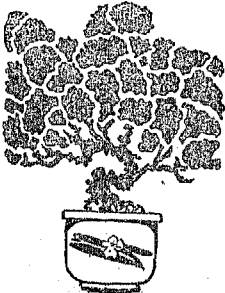
three of the poorest
the officers who ac-
cording to the num-
The supplies needed
kindly contributed,
and partly by the
ands,

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of Christmas 1906 in the Japanese Army, was the fact that it was our first Christmas in our new Headquarters on the Ginza, the main thoroughfare of Tokyo. As it is the custom for the broad sidewalks to be used largely for the display of goods of all kinds at every extra busy time, there are more people gathered near our Japanese Headquarters; and the moment any of them, hearing the singing and music inside just begins to look in, he is sure to be set upon by one if not two of our comrades. Again and again I have seen them thus seize upon a visitor and get him persuaded all way up to the penitent form before the song that drew him to the door was through.

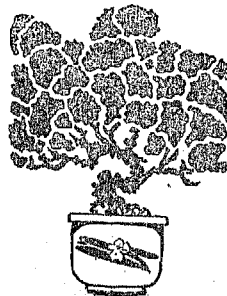
The finest trees are found in Northern Muskoka. They grow best where the ground is low and swampy. Ten years ago, suitable trees were to be found in the vicinity of Toronto, but the taste of the citizens has become fastidious since then, and only the finest trees have a market. Well-shaped, symmetrical trees, of green and luxuriant foliage, are shipped to the city, and for these various prices are received. A tree four to eight feet in height is to be bought for 75 cents or a dollar. This range is the most popular, and has the largest demand. Trees ranging from nine to twelve feet are valued at \$1.50 to \$2. When a larger tree is wanted, the price soars to \$3 and \$3.50. Only Sunday schools require the latter, and, as a rule, they are arranged for some time in advance. Occasionally a speculator will buy a carload or two of trees and sell them through the city. But the branches are ragged and unkempt, and the colour light and faded. They cost just as much as the trees in the stores, and are not fitted with stands.



Well, perhaps, the nearest approach to the right idea, will be conveyed if you look at one of those fish or fruit stores which are left open to the street, with part or all their floor either earth or stone. Such places, when only large enough to hold, say one hundred people packed closely together, will give you some idea of a Japanese barracks. If then, you suppose, the front is filled in with frames made of wood up to the middle and the upper half of paper, with a door seldom broad enough to ad-
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OUR SHACK-STOVE STORY



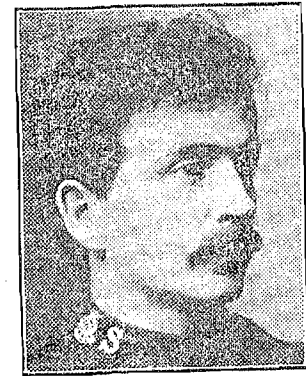
THE season was Christmastide. A light snow had fallen, and in the clear sapphire sky twinkled twenty million stars. Some Officers attending special meetings the Commissioner, and billeted with a warm-hearted Army friend, gathered themselves around a nearly ruby-red stove in an adjoining shack to keep up Christmas in real backwoods' style. They ate huge quantities of apples and talked by the yard.

The conversation turned upon the splendid meeting and much merriment was caused by the recollection of a curious testimony given by one of the converts.

Major Frank Morris said it reminded him of a testimony he once heard in the Klondyke and then told the following story:

Scared—but Saved.

The scene inside the log building was a cheerful one. The cheap but bright lamps, suspended by huge nails driven into the heavy timbers, shone out well. The stove was as red as a ripe cherry. The platform was small but the uniformed occupants had happy faces, and sang and spoke with a buoyancy that made the meeting a good one from start to finish. The scene outdoors was the reverse. The thermometer registered between sixty and seventy below zero, and the stars on this particular night had failed to appear. So much for description.



MAJOR F. MORRIS.

Bill Saunders was one of the most notorious characters in all the Klondike, in the year 1899. On the particular night referred to he was attracted into the Salvation Army Hall, from the gilded saloons of Dawson City. A company of his mates, equally as sinful as himself, accompanied him.

That Bill was impressed with the meeting, and was also convicted by the Spirit, became evident before the service had progressed very far, especially to the observant eye of the Adjutant, so that it did not take a great stretch of faith to hope he would make his way to the Penitent Form. The invitation had barely been given when with arms wide outspread, Bill rushed over seat tops, brushing aside every opposition until he sprawled full length at the Mercy Seat.

Of prayer, like many more who have knelt at the Salvation Army Penitent Forms, he had absolutely no knowledge. Still, he cried to God for mercy, in no uncertain way and it was not very long until, at the invitation of the officer in charge of the meeting, he arose to his feet.

While on his knees, it may be explained, Bill had only thought of himself as a wicked sinner, and not until he had realized God's forgiveness, had anything else concerned him; but when he stood to his feet and faced the audience, who should his eyes first behold but his

grieving companions as they stretched their necks like cranes to peep at Bill. The latter felt his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth. To speak was impossible for several moments, and he fairly quaked with fear. At last Bill found his tongue and blurted out at the top of his voice, "Oh!! my golly, I'm scared! But boys, I'm glad I'm saved."

When the audible smiles had subsided, Adjutant Thompson intimated that the little shack was comfortable and the little company reminded him of another Christmas eve. Seemingly a story the others pressed him to proceed which he did and delivered himself of the following:

The Man With the Fur Coat.

It was Christmas eve and a perfect blizzard raged as Mrs. Thompson and myself entered our warm little hall where a number of the Soldiers had met.

An open-air was not to be thought of, so we went in for a good time indoors. We were singing—

"Joy, joy, joy, there is joy in the Salvation Army."

when the door opened and in walked one of the most dirty, woe-begone chaps I have ever looked upon. His toes protruded from his broken boots and his hair was long and matted. He slunk to a back-bench and seemed to enjoy the warmth and brightness.

We had a prayer meeting for his special benefit and while Mrs. Thompson conducted it I went for that tough.

"Are you saved, my friend?" I asked.

"To my surprise, he said, 'Yes, Sir!'"

"To what denomination do you belong?" I said.

"I am a sailor, Sir," was his reply.

I then got at his story and found that he had been unfortunate and that work was scarce that winter. In his extremity he came to the Army for shelter from the awful storm, and hoped on the morrow to get work at shovelling snow.

I offered him some money to go to a boarding house, but he was afraid they would not take him in, he was so ragged and untidy, and begged to be allowed to sit in the Barracks. We brought blankets and made him comfortable.

Early next morning—Christmas morning—I brought the man to the Quarters and gave him breakfast, prayed and dealt with him about his soul and sent him on his way.

Now for the sequel. A few months later I passed a gentleman in a fur coat who politely lifted his hat and expressed a desire to speak to me.

"You do not recognise me I see," said the man.

"No," I replied, "I cannot say I have ever seen you."

"Well, I am the man whom you allowed to sleep in your hall last Christmas eve. Since then I've got converted—



ADJUTANT THOMPSON.

COMPETITION

Which do You Think
is the Best?

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVOURITE.

Read the conditions of the Vote on the following page.

got on my feet again and I wish to thank you from the bottom of my heart for your kindness to me when I was down and out."

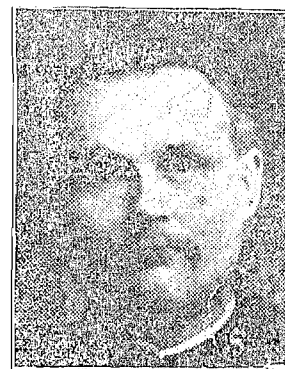
"A good tale that, Thompson," remarked one. "Yes, indeed," chimed in the others, "Good old Army."

Staff-Captain Creighton, coughed, cleared his throat and then said, "This isn't a bad story boys?"

Joe the Bartender.

"Joe" was a dwarf in stature, but his appetite for "bad rum" was prodigious. Altho' a Canadian, he fought under "Old Glory," in the U. S. A. Civil War. Afterwards he filled various clerkships, principally, with hotel and liquor establishments. Apart from periodical spells of dissipation and drunkenness he was a capable and trustworthy employee.

In fact, so much were his services appreciated by the gentleman in whose employ Joe occupied the dual position of Bartender and Business Manager—when I



STAFF-CAPT. CREIGHTON.

knew him, first—that he would have him removed, when overcome of his weakness, to a secluded spot in the country and nursed back to good behaviour and usefulness. Sometimes, Joe would "break jail," return to town and prolong his sinful indulgences. At such a time we first met.

Very recently the Army had started operations in the town, and a series of strange and terrible

"goings-on" in the meetings, had gone abroad, Joe being a busy man and religion not in his line had not troubled to investigate, but now, when rampant, he decided to "look in." Thinking an admission fee was required he was determined to deposit at least ten cents with the doorkeeper. Being made to understand a free-will offering would be taken inside he agreed to being seated well to the front. When the plate passed, he dropped in a half-dollar, and in the prayer-meeting dropped himself at the Mercy-seat. On rising, he testified thus: "You people do not think I am saved: but I am, the Lord saved me."

Early next morning I visited him. His employer was before me and had given Joe to understand he must not leave his employ until the business had recovered from the loss and confusion experienced because of his absence. Seeing it was a wicked business we of the Army could not entertain such a proposal, but Joe considered himself in honour bound to accede to the demands of his employer and night found him busy at his old occupation.

Bitterly disappointed, but determined to keep in touch with him, we visited his bar-room regularly, with the "Crys." One day he asked for the privilege of selling a certain number weekly. In time it was hinted that altho' in the old business, Joe was a changed man. It was noticed, he did not drink or use bad language, and it was thought that his talks over the bar, sometimes, resembled a preaching of the Gospel.

The Officer receiving farewell orders, it was arranged to have a tea and meeting, for Soldiers and Converts only. In view of his occupation and non-attendance Joe was not reckoned one of the elect, still he helped so liberally and seemed so interested that finally it was decided to invite him. Imagine our surprise when fresh from the drink traffic, Joe took a place among our select company of saints. Some questioned if any blessing could be expected with so great an Achan in the camp, but God graciously honoured us with a Baptism of The Holy Ghost and many seekers, Joe being one of them, knelt at the altar. The hour of his

soul's deliverance had fully come and Joe cut clear his former associations and employment. A situation consistent with his profession of Christ was soon found and he became an ideal Soldier.

After years of faithful service he was appointed Treasurer. His last Sunday found him giving clear and definite testimony in every meeting. During the week he succumbed to an attack of paralysis, and the following Sunday was borne to the tomb. His last words "Ready to die" were a fitting climax to the earthly career of so grand a trophy of Grace, won by the peculiar and unorthodox methods of the Salvation Army.

"That's a good story, well told, Staff," remarked Adjutant Gad Gillam, and continued thus:

Saved from Suicide.

"It reminds me of a drunk I hit not long ago. At the close of a Thursday night's meeting, the Secretary informed me I was wanted outside.



ADJUTANT GILLAM.

"I went out and encountered a well-dressed man of about fifty, in a state of great distress. He said: 'Oh, do please do something for me; I am nearly out of my mind through drink.'

"That he was a man of education was evident from his speech. He said, 'I heard you speaking in the open air this evening, and it seems that you could help me.'

"We had some serious talk and then he shook

my hand and rapidly disappeared in the darkness."

"I was not surprised to learn the man was a lawyer and lived in the town.

"The following Sunday evening I noticed the man in the open air. I looked for him in the Hall but he was not to be seen. As the prayer meeting was proceeding I noticed my man enter. A member of the Locals joined me in prayer in his behalf. I pleaded with him, but he would not come to the Mercy Seat. As a matter of fact he left the Hall instead. I closed the meeting, but before the door shut, our distressed friend again appeared. The Locals brought him to the front, and then commenced one of the most fearful struggles for deliverance that I have ever witnessed.

"At last in an outburst of faith he called out—'Lord I believe!' and came full of joy and shook hands with us all. He then said, 'Come home with me, Adjutant.' I went.

"On the way, he said, 'Do you know what I was going to do to-night?' In my office I had a loaded revolver with which I determined to end my miserable existence. Somehow I couldn't do it and went back to the Hall instead. How glad I am.'

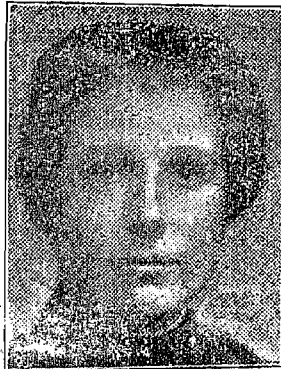
"By this time we had got to his home. It was late, but he called his wife and children from their beds and told them the good news. He then got the Bible, read chapter, and wept and prayed as he had never done before. It was a very melting time.

"I have visited him frequently since. He is doing nicely. The last time I saw him, he said, with the tears running down his cheeks, 'Oh, how I wish this had happened twenty years before.'

"Perhaps some of our Sister Comrades could relate a story. I am sure we should be delighted to listen to a Sister Comrade," remarked Major Morris. The applause that greeted this suggestion was loud and prolonged, and then Staff-Capt. Goodwin told this story:

The Christmas Presents.

"I was about to conduct my first Sunday service in one of my Corps, when a lady called me aside and told me she was bringing a man to the evening meeting who was known to be one of the worst drunkards for many miles around. She said he was well connected in England, and at regular periods received sums of money from there. At such times he would stay away from his family until the money was spent and then leave them in poverty. Churches Temperance Societies and others had tried to reform him, but in vain. The lady



STAFF-CAPT. GOODWIN.

SHACK-STOVE STORIES.

Which do you think is the best?

Here are ten Stories and we give each one of our readers ten votes. You can spread them over the entire ten or give the whole of your votes to one story. To the officer whose story wins the most votes, we shall send a Ten Dollar Bill.

Send in your Postcard early so that we may send out that Bill in time for Christmas.

above mentioned arranged to give me a sign by which I was to know who was the man, and during the prayer meeting I was to speak to him about his soul. I did so and I am happy to say he came forward and got gloriously saved, as did also his wife and the entire family. Christmas came round and both the wife and the husband desired to give the other a Christmas gift. The husband came to me and ordered a bonnet for his wife, and the wife ordered a jersey for her husband—neither knowing what the other had done. He is now a prosperous farmer and a Christian man."

When the conversation, called forth by these interesting stories had slackened, Ensign Sheard volunteered a story of a prayer and began thus:

Prayer Stopped a Dance.

"I was once sent to open a certain town where they had just completed laying wooden blocks in the main street. To celebrate the occasion the whole town turned out for a big dance and stood in hundreds on the street awaiting the arrival of a brass band.

"I stood and watched the large crowd and formed a resolve to do something for God and the Army. The band could be heard coming in the distance, a large ring had been cleared for them to march into, after which the dancing would begin. It was now or never. Calling upon God to help me I stepped into the middle of the circle and shouted out my testimony and then with hundreds of curious eyes fixed on me, I knelt down and fervently prayed for the people. Then I got up and went home, without waiting to see what effect my action would have on the crowd. About half an hour later, the wife of the officer with whom I was stationed, came to me and said:

"'You're a nice fellow! Do you know what you've been and done?'

"I hope I've done nothing wrong," I replied.

"'You've been and stopped the dance,' was the answer.

"It was true. The people had no heart for dancing after hearing my testimony and prayer, and with one consent they dispersed and sent the band home."

The Ensign's plucky act and his modest recital of it, met with well-merited applause.

Then Adjutant Sims, having finished a delicious snow apple, wiped his mouth, cleared his throat and having called for order, delivered himself of the following:

How Harry Lost His Hair.

"Being in a strange town over night and having no where in particular to go, I wandered up and down the main street, when suddenly, the noise of an Army drum, unmercifully pounded, arrested my attention. I waited until the procession turned the corner and took up a stand in the centre of the street. It surprised me that the Captain allowed the drummer to beat the drum so hard, but it surprised me more to know that the store keepers whose windows were shaking because of the drum-pounding, didn't object. That the drummer was a general favourite or a person of local influence, I at once thought, for the noise was certainly objectionable, yet nobody found fault, and the drummer was about as odd a looking individual as one would find in a day's journey.

"When the Captain called upon the drummer to speak, the queer-looking man took off his cap and rubbing his head and face (upon which no sign of a hair could be seen) cried out, 'Friends, do you see my bald head? well, that's what drink did for me.'

"I have heard many charges laid at the door of the door of the monster Drink, but this was the first time that the arch fiend had ever been accused of causing a 'curly head' to become 'a bald pate.' So curious was I to know the story that I struck an acquaintance.

"Born of respectable parents who were devoted to their church, it might be thought that Harry would grow up a good boy; but no, from early life he showed a dislike of going to his Father Confessor, and when he did go, made only a half-hearted confession.

"It was while in his teens that he became a confirmed drunkard, yet he kept a fairly respectable appearance having good clothes, plenty of money and a pleasing personality accompanied by that sense of humour so often found in the Irish, which made him a general favourite with

all classes, until after a conviction or two, and the loss of his employment, he discovered that old-time friends gave him the cold shoulder.

"Harry found himself very much left alone, except for bar-room companions, and now that his jolly, genial spirit had fled and a sullen bad temper taken possession of him, he was soon dubbed the 'Wild Man from the West.' From bad to worse he went, until at last he spent months without a sober day, and at the end of a month's drinking, he got picked up by the Salvation Army, from which time he has been a happy Blood and Fire Drummer.

"How did the change come about? Well, here it is in his own words. The Captain of the——Corps, had a heart that pitied the drunkard, and believing that "Sympathy without relief was like mustard without beef," determined to do something for the poor drunks of the city. A Brigade was formed of converted drunkards, whose duty it was to go out in the streets every night and take home, or to the Barracks, all who were drunk. An ambulance was often used for this purpose.

"One cold winter's night, the Brigade was going its round, when one of the members stumbled in a dark lane. Stooping to find out the cause of the fall, he discovered a man lying there and frozen to the ground. It was impossible to release the poor fellow without the aid of hot water, to thaw his head and rags from the icy road. After getting him free he was taken to the Barracks on a stretcher, where for days he was kept in bed. So bad was he bitten by the cold that all the hair on his head came off, leaving him perfectly bald within about a week or two. During the time that the Soldiers cared for him, he got converted, and often when tempted to bewail the loss of his fine curly hair, he would console himself that the saving of his soul was good compensation for the loss.

"Harry is still known as the 'Wild Man from the West,' although the word 'converted,' is always placed before wild."

"I haven't anything so exciting as that to tell," remarked Adjutant McCann, "but this Summer I saw an old man whom it did me good to look upon and this is why."

The Tramp's Conversion.

"Shortly after we had opened fire in a New Ontario town, an old man entered our Hall one night. He was a stranger to most and obviously not familiar with Army meetings.

"When the invitation was given for those who wished to get converted to raise their hands, this old man raised his and soon came to the Mercy Seat.

"I knelt at his side while he was bowed at the penitent form and he told me that he had only been in a place of worship three times in twenty-eight years.

"On asking him where he lived, he replied, 'Nowhere! I slept out last



ADJUTANT MCCANN.

[Con. on Page 27.]

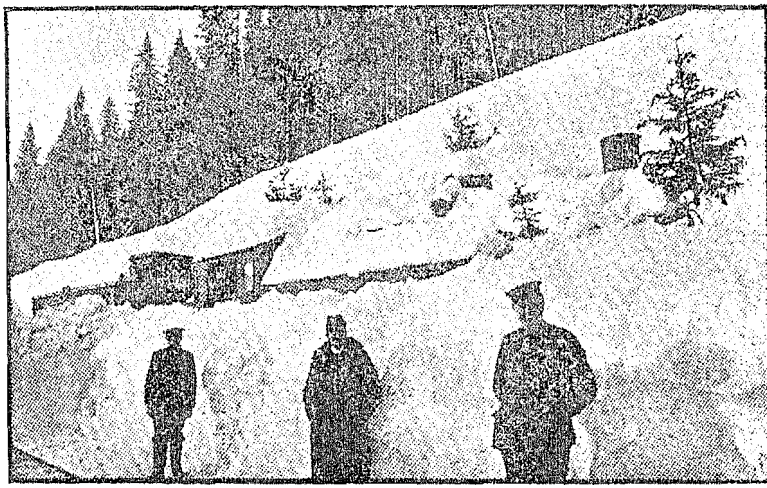
Capt. Lovegod's Christmas Party.

A Delightful Parable by Commissioner W. E. Oliphant, of Germany.



Delivering Letters at Christmas-Time on the Frozen Spreewald.

The Spreewald (some two hours distance from Berlin) becomes flooded in winter and affords the most perfect skating. In fact, all business is regularly conducted on skates and sledges, postmen gliding over the ice with their mail bags from one spot to another.



Christmas Trees on a Snowed-up Train in Germany.

During last Christmas a snowed up train was unable to move for nearly seven weeks. Two hundred workmen endeavoured to liberate the train. Little fir trees were attached to the funnel, the steam dome, and the cab of the locomotive.

IT was not that he loved God less than before. Nor could it be said that he loved the Salvation Army less than formerly. The Lord was really his portion, and the Army was for him both a home for his soul and a kingdom for his mind. He was a Field Captain. He had been fifteen years in the work. He commanded the biggest Corps in the land. His devotion had won him the confidence of his Commissioner, his ability had kept the respect of his Divisional Officer, while his earnestness and godliness had gained for him in nearly all his Corps the affection of a grateful people. No, it could not be truthfully alleged against Captain Lovegod that he was a backslider even in heart. But he had got tired, and somehow the people had perhaps got a bit tired of hearing him. He had lost his inspiration, work was a burden, and he was inclined to look on all things through a pair of dark spectacles. Yet, it could not be said that he neglected any detail of his work. He bestowed as much thought and care on his addresses to his people as ever, nay, more so. Some had even hinted that if there had been more heart and less head in his talks it would have been more profitable for the people. He had never been one to merely have a chat and drink a cup of tea when he visited. No, his eighteen hours every week were well filled up with advising his Soldiers and warning sinners.

His strong faith, too, in the Army enabled him to push its interests in every possible way, so that there was really nothing to say against him. His marriage had not hindered him, but rather increased his usefulness. He was a wise Captain, a kind-hearted man with a face that bore the traces of the fight indeed, but on whose brow sat nobility enthroned. He was the best of husbands and the tenderest of loving fathers to a tiny family that was the joy and crown of his domestic life. His wife was an exceptional woman in every way, which was only one more proof of John Lovegod's practical common sense and wisdom in choosing her as his companion in Army work. Her face won the confidence of all, for it was the reflection of her soul which was pure, honest and without guile. An able leader and a good talker she had nevertheless an exceptional talent for making her house arrangements on very slender terms, express comfort and homeliness. Her nature was an excellent combination of love and firmness. Her soul found in Jesus her all in all, and expressed itself through her large sweet eyes, which were clear lakes of sympathy. And together with her husband, in spite of her home ties, they were exceptionally useful Officers, and made a pair that even won the highest respect and interest of the great General himself, whose standard of usefulness and of married life is known to be exceptionally high.

It was therefore a real trial for Mrs. Lovegod to see a cloud hanging over her husband's head, and it was a source of anxiety to the Captain's best friends to see the Sunday night meetings decrease, the holiness meetings lose their keenness and interest, and the week night gatherings dwindle to a miserable few. Things were certainly low, and what was worse they did not get better, which of course affected the finance of the Corps.

What was still worse all these things left terrible "birds' feet-marks" on the brow and heart of Captain Lovegod.

I may safely give these details for the two comrades I am describing did not live in Canada, and were not

Canadian officers. They lived in Dryland, and the name of the town was Thirston.

So I am in no danger of hurting anyone's feelings, divulging any secrets, or of breaking any confidences. In your country the history may be safely read by all, and may contain a lesson of warning and of encouragement to all sorts and conditions of Soldiers of the Cross who are engaged in the work for God and the souls of men!

But that country had nothing in common with Canada. Its people drank tea, and they were in the habit of expressing their feelings and opinions freely over the tea-cups! More than one scandal has been hatched over that luscious beverage, which had no further foundation than Mrs. Chatterbox's imaginative brain. More than one man's reputation has been ruined while Miss Eager-for-untruth has lingered over her "fifteen drops," and more than one good man's spiritual life has been ruined or its tone lowered by Mr. Talkative's plausible conversation. But I am not inclined to say much against either tea or the tea-table if the former is drunk quickly and the latter is visited in moderation. There is only one thing that compares with it for homeliness and refreshment, and that is the coffee table! They both have their uses when not abused. But a truce to my philosophising!

This particular tea-board was quite of the superior kind; and yet like all other tea-tables it attracted men and women of different characters and of various opinions. But now the little maid Corporal Always-willing brings the shining urn of aromatic tea in and Sister Kindheart invites her guests to the attractive table with its white tea-cups and spotless tablecloth, which was enough to give one an appetite if one had not one before. A moment of silence, then such a delightful clatter of tea-spoons and cups, and such a refreshing odour of steaming beverage, and such a dipping and sipping that made Sister Gratefulheart, who was a near relative to Mrs. Kindheart, shine with positive benevolence while a complacent "God be praised" escaped the lips of Sergt.-Major Faithfulsoul.

"How cold it is," said Mr. Blunt. "This tea is good enough to be a Salvation Army product."

"Yes, indeed," said Brother Superficial, "but we must expect cold weather, it only wants a day to Christmas!"

"Ah!" snapped out Sister Fond-of-change, "Christmas, a pretty Christmas we shall have, indeed, in the Army with our present Officers! I am getting tired of the Army and their ways. I think I shall try Mr. Speak-smooth-things if things don't change soon."

"Oh, don't do that my dearsister," said Sergt.-Major Faithfulsoul, "for you know the proverb which says we may go 'farther and fare worse,' and we want all we can get together in these days."

"Amen," returned Sister Gratefulheart.

"Still I must say," said Brother Superficial, "we do not get much real profit from his talking. Now, Mr. Dry-as-dust is preaching in the city, and he talks about the higher criticism of the Bible. I don't see why the Army can't give its people some such learned and profitable talk as other folk get."

"Learned and profitable talks," somewhat indignantly muttered the Sergt.-Major. "The higher criticism of the Bible—indeed! Chips! Sawdust!"

"You are too narrow, Brother Faithfulsoul; you should cultivate breadth of thought," remarked Brother Superficial.

"Breadth of thought indeed," enjoined the Sergt.-Major's good wife. "As you know my good man is a gardener, and as I watched him at work last spring with pruning knife I thought the tendency of our minds is like the fruit trees towards 'breadths' and if they are allowed their own way they spread out in all directions and go out equally towards truth and error. A wise gardener cuts the trees' branches. A wise Christian does the same and he bears fruit and not merely words and leaves. It is fruit we want."

"Well spoken, my dear. Have I not always said that you were a wise woman? God bless you for those words!" said the Sergt.-Major and nodded friendly towards his thoughtful wife.

"Oh, it is not surprising that Mrs. Faithfulsoul agrees with her husband, but I say it is all the old-fashioned gospel," said Mrs. Fond-of-change. "I can't make out why we can't have Bible lessons on the age of man and hear about something of what is going on, too, in the world. Look at Mr. Flowerfoot, see how eloquently he talks on the pyramids of Egypt and the immanence of God!"

"Do you get any souls saved there?" asked Sergt.-Major Faithfulsoul.

"Souls saved!" returned Mrs. Fond-of-change, "we can't have souls in every meeting, can we Brother Faithfulsoul?"

"Why, yes of course, if we expect souls to be saved, we shall see them come. Besides, are there not perishing souls all around us?" and he banged his hand on the table till all the tea-cups seemed to say Amen. "What we want to-day everywhere is the Holy Ghost, not all these new fangled notions about the end of the world and fixing the time of the day of grace, and saying Christ is no more Divine than we. People will hear these sort of things for a time but there comes a time when they long for the good old gospel. Chopped straw and sawdust may deceive the sparrows once but when you throw them down the second time they will only look at you with one eye, and the third time take no notice of you at all. No, it is the bread of life that we must give the people, and our dear good Captain has been giving us this ever since he came."

There was a pause after this honest outpouring of Sergt.-Major Faithfulsoul, but the silence was at length broken by a deep-voiced man who but seldom spoke, but when he did it was always to some purpose. His name was Blunt—all the children called him uncle—and he was a warm friend to the Army and indeed to all real children of God.

"I have listened to you all talking about the Captain," said he, "I think it would be far kinder to him if you went to him and told him straight to his face what you thought of him. But I think many of you are really afraid to do this for you know you don't believe in your hearts what you have said with your lips. You know how low the Corps was when the Captain came. You know how he laboured. His wife has never kept him back but urged him forward. The back debts are paid. The Soldiers are double in number. The hall has been repaired and some of the vilest characters last winter were converted and have not backslidden in the summer. It is only very lately that

CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN.

[Continued from Page 3.]

things have begun to get low. It strikes me as right down ungrateful of you to think about deserting these officers. I remember, Mrs. Pond-of-change, when your husband had the blood poisoning, it was the Captain who came and read to him and wrote to his employers so that they paid him his full wages and thus kept the wolf from the door; and when you had rheumatism so badly this autumn, it was the Captain's little wife who brought you the emolument and rubbed those knots from your hands and arms, and when you—"

"Now, don't say any more, Mr. Blunt," said Mrs. Pond-of-change. "I remember it all. You make me feel ashamed of myself. My good man is always telling me I shall not know what a good spiritual adviser I have till this Captain farewells, then I shall want him back."

"Oh, yes, both Captain and Mrs. Lovegod they are such real Salvationists; it is not everyone perhaps that understands them or appreciates them, but who can ever forget their lives of devotion and self-sacrifice. When Mrs. Anderson could not pay her rent and the bailiffs came and took away all her furniture, it was the Captain who collected some money and went to a second-hand shop and bought her some new, carrying the loads on his own shoulders, while Mrs. Anderson carried the chairs, followed by all the little Andersons weeping and saying 'thank you kind uncle, now we shall not have to sleep in Brown's stable.'"

"This was Mrs. Sergt.-Major Faithfulsoul's story and it brought tears to many eyes."

"Yes," said Sister Gratefullheart, "and when my little Betty had whooping cough—Lor how she did whoop to hear—my little darling was going to leave me, it was Mrs. Lovegod that bought for me a steam-heater and came and sat by the little bed the whole night and when the Captain had prayed I felt so light that I knew God was going to heal my darling, and bless His Name, He did," and the good soul wept for joy till tears streamed down her ample cheeks which she was now wiping away with her apron, because little Johnny had taken her handkerchief and was mopping his own little cheeks on seeing his mother weep and Mr. Blunt's eyes suspiciously moist."

"It seems to me," said that worthy man, "we have not appreciated our dear Officers enough."

"And I have been the worst of all," sobbed Mrs. Pond-of-change.

"And I have looked too much to outward things," said Brother Superficial, with much feeling, "and forgotten my own soul."

"Amen, God bless him," said the devout Faithfulsoul.

"Well," said Mr. Blunt, "to-morrow is Christmas, let us all go and pay a visit to the Captain and his wife, and let us have not been all we ought to be in asking their forgiveness and promise to strengthen their hands in their holy fight for God and souls."

"Amen," said Sister Gratefullheart.

"Yes, yes," cried Brother Faithfulsoul radiant with joy, "that is the best Christmas gift that we can give our dear officers."

And away they went, the falling snow covering their clothes and cranching under their eager feet.

I shall not disclose the sayings and happenings of that little meeting with the Captain and this little group of his flock, but there were many happy tears shed, many warm prayers went up to Heaven, and there was much joy in the heart of both Captain and Mrs. Lovegod whose devotion had at length won the faithful allegiance of even their critics.

All was light in the town of Thirston and in the little home of Captain and Mrs. Lovegod there reigned peace and quiet after the singing round the well filled Christmas-tree and the little Lovegods were sleeping so soundly that they were no longer in this material world at all. They were in a hazy world of candles and among fairies in the wood and their dreams were of apples and dolls, and the Company Leader all mixed strangely together.

When the morning broke it was found angel's feet had entered this humble dwelling. He had not come alone! The angel indeed had vanished with the morning light, as is the wont of modern angels, but the good messenger of the Lord had left a baby boy in the arms of the grateful mother. There was the stirring of new life in that room and there was the stirring of young eagles in the heart of the good Captain.

As John Lovegod went to the early morning prayer meeting on this Christmas morning, thinking of another Christmas morning, he murmured: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given." And though it was snowing hard a tear slowly crept down his cheek and fell just as he reached the barracks door.

"Come, Captain! This is not a day for tears," said the Sergeant-Major who met him at the door. "The

candles are all alight and the people are streaming in as I have never seen them do, and the soldiers are in such a good spirit; it is so cosy and blessed!"

The Captain was early in the Hall, but evidently something extraordinary had taken place for nearly all the Soldiers were there and there was such a welcome of smiles as the Captain took his place on the platform. Though recently he had been tempted to think he had never had such a hard Corps, he now thought he had never been in a more beautiful Corps, nor had such loyal and good Soldiers.

The spirit of the Soldiers spread itself among the crowded congregation and there was the feeling as if the white wings of God were spread in blessing over the multitude.

Hark, the Herald angels sing:
Glory to the newborn King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild;
God and man are reconciled.

The old familiar hymn rose and fell in sweet cadence, and there was hardly a dry eye when the singing was turned into prayer. And such prayers! What energy, and such love, and such gratitude and such unctious there were in them.

Then the Captain rose to speak. He read, with a voice full of tears, which strangely affected the people, that old but ever new story in St. Matthew.

"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying: 'Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen His star in the East, and are come to worship Him.' There was no effort for effect in what John Lovegod said. It was a simple straightforward talk from his heart. But everybody saw that he was talking from his own feelings and that not only a crisis had taken place in his own spiritual experience, but that that morning was to mark a great revival in his own life as well as in the town of Thirston.

"On this Christmas morning," concluded he, "let us not forget the wise men's long search and their joy at finding the object of their search. We all have our star to guide us and if we will only faithfully follow it, it will lead us aright; yea, to the very bosom of The Father! These wise men had seen the star. They followed it—it seemed often to go out in dim obscurity. They went about inquiring of everyone, everywhere—at last," cried the Captain, with a broken voice while a thrill of feeling went through the whole audience—"at last the sun shone out once more clear before them on their path—when they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding joy. Perhaps," said the Captain, voicing the feelings of his own deeply stirred heart, "perhaps the heart of some of us can interpret that. There are some of us," continued the Captain whose face was now covered with tears and suffused with intense inspiration, "who have seen the star that shone in earlier days go out—quench itself in black vapours of sour smoke. There are some of us who have followed a star that turned out to be like a mirage of the desert that only ends in disappointment or was like one of those bright exhalations that hover over churchyards and which only lead to the chambers of the dead, and oh! the joy, oh, the infiniteness! to mind and soul when the search ends at 'the place where the child lies!' It is a moment of 'exceeding joy.' He spoke the Magians by a star, to the shepherds by the melody of the Heavenly host, to Joseph by a dream, to Simeon by an inward revelation, and to me, dear Comrades, He has also spoken by something which is more precious than all these. He has spoken to me by the love and affection of my dear people, and this night, when God placed a little child in my arms, His own dear Child came again into the manger of my heart. It is a Bethlehem there this morning! My faith is renewed, my courage—is strong—my love to Him and to you is strengthened and—as long as I am privileged to work amongst—"

He tried hard, dear fellow to conclude, but the cup was full and Captain and Corps, leader and people wept together. He sank into his chair, and his frame shook like an oak when the storm breaks over it, with the strong emotion of his soul.

"Read the 103rd Psalm," whispered Sergeant Gratefullheart to the Sergeant-Major. And while saints—among them Sister Pond-of-change and Brother Superficial—and sinners sought the mercy-seat, almost unbidden, the Sergeant-Major's deep and honest voice was heard repeating those words so suitable for this resurrection of Captain Lovegod: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; Who healeth all thy diseases; Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies; Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagles."

the voice to be Edith's. "I am not a bit sleepy to-night, she said, "and as I have just been lying here I was wondering, if the angels in Heaven will be as happy on Christmas day as we shall be. The Doctor says he thinks they will be happier." "Well, Edith," said I, "what do you think makes the angels so happy?"

"Oh, well, Nurse," she replied, "you know the angels are crowned with gold, and Heaven is very beautiful—"

"That is all very true," I interrupted, "But golden crowns and beautiful surroundings do not make happy hearts—in fact one can be supremely happy apart from either," and in this way we conversed for a few moments.

An hour later she was asleep. But the next morning she complained of a tightness over the chest, and having an abnormal temperature, the Doctor did not allow her to arise. All the morning her face wore an anxious, restless expression, and about 2 o'clock in the afternoon she had a hemorrhage from the lungs. Three hours later this was followed by another which left her very weak and exhausted. For the next two days she was critically ill. The third found her condition very grave. Indeed, before the day closed, it was evident to all that she had passed beyond the reach of medical skill—Edith was sinking.

The shades about her bed were drawn low. And with much care she was screened from the view of the other patients. Everything that could be done to alleviate her suffering was faithfully and lovingly carried out.

No one was allowed to see her but the Doctors and Nurses. The ward was hushed. Here and there a patient could be seen quietly weeping. Edith was dying. We all deeply mourned the fact.

All day she had been lying in a semi-conscious condition. But often-times she could be heard softly whispering as if communing with someone in the world beyond. About eleven o'clock at night, however, she opened her eyes and asked to see the Doctor. He was soon at her side. And taking one of his hands in hers—she said faintly:

"Doctor I am dying. The angels have come to carry me Home. To-day, Doctor, I talked with Jesus—with Him I walked through the Dark Valley. I was not afraid—for Jesus held my hand so tight in His. And then we passed through the Pearly Gates into the City—and He showed me Heaven. And, oh! what beautiful sights—I wept for joy!—And—and I saw golden streets, sparkling fountains—and the bright crowns and glittering robes of the Glorified. I saw it all, Doctor, and the sweet strains of the Harps and the songs of the Redeemed—filled Heaven.—And the angels, as they passed us by—smiled upon me. Oh! it was wonderful,—glorious! And now, Doctor," she added, panting with every breath in her effort to speak, "I want you to promise me to meet me in Heaven."

The Doctor's facial muscles twitched, but he made no response.

"Doctor," she continued pleadingly, "Oh! won't you promise me—before I die?"

"Yes, Edith, I promise," answered the young man, very gravely, and I noticed a tear stealing down his face.

Presently she asked to be raised higher, that she might see the ward once more.

Very gently the Doctor fulfilled her request, while I moved the screens back a little from her bed. Very lovingly her eyes seemed to rest on each object in her view.

Then she said: "Nurse, tell the Officers that I died—trusting in the Blood."

A little later she added: "Doctor, I thought I would have been here for Christmas—but Jesus bids me come.—But you will set my chair in its place by the table, won't you, Nurse? And my crown," she added, laying her hand over her heart, "lay it here—and don't let them weep for me—for I will be happy—up yonder! Tell them I've gone to have Christmas with the angels."

These were the last words Edith was known to utter, and ere the clock struck twelve—announcing the advent of another Christmas dawn—Edith's spirit had taken its flight to the realms of Eternal Bliss.—Mrs. Adjutant Thorkildson.

Two thousand years ago the ancients made cloth of asbestos, and used this cloth for winding round the bodies of the dead before cremation, so that the ashes of the body might be kept separate from those of the fire. To-day we make firemen's gloves, ropes, and other fire-escape appliances from it.



THE ROYAL NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE

An Article of Remarkable Interest Written by E. Blenkarn who Conducts Salvation Army Meetings at the R. N. W. M. P. Headquarters, Regina, A.



HERE exists in Canada at the present time an organization which has not its equal in the world for variety of work, devotion to duty, and for its usefulness. This force, known as the Royal North West Mounted Police, preserves law and

order in the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, besides having men employed in the Yukon, and some in the Arctic regions of Hudson's Bay.

As many of our readers will be interested in learning something of this force, and as a few members of our Regina Corps conduct services in the Guard room at Headquarters in Regina, among prisoners committed for minor offences, some facts relating to this force will not be out of place.

The North West Mounted Police were brought into existence nearly thirty-four years ago, at a time when the above-named Provinces were a vast, unknown prairie, across which but few white men had ever gone, and the geography of which was little known to the world.

Many rumors of Indian wars and massacres, and the general unsettled state of the Indians, were among the causes of the force being organized in the fall of 1873. It was also felt that the work of exploration and the opening up of the country could be only done by a force which, though military in character, would yet open up the country and tend to give future settlers a land in which they could live peaceably and safely.

General French, the famous British leader, at that time, was the first Commissioner, and had under his command, at first, about one hundred and fifty men in all. There are now 700.

The motto of the force, "Maintien le droit," (Uphold the Right), has ever been lived up to under all circumstances and conditions, with the result that the men have at all times earned the respect of royalty, the Governor-Generals and others in high authority.

From the first the members of the force have been given to understand that the work they would have to perform would be no mere child's play. On two distinct occasions before the force left Toronto to go on the memorable march across the prairies, General French assembled all ranks on parade and plainly told them that they would have, and must expect, plenty of hardship; that they would be wet day after day, and have to lie down in wet clothes; also, that they might be a day or two without food and, he feared, they would often be without water.

The first march across the prairie, from Fort Garry, or Winnipeg, as it is now, to the Bow River at MacLeod, was a distance of seven hundred and eighty-one miles, and after the first eighteen miles, no human habitation was seen except a few Indian teepees. The force was accompanied by a guide for about half the distance, but after that, they had to find their own way.

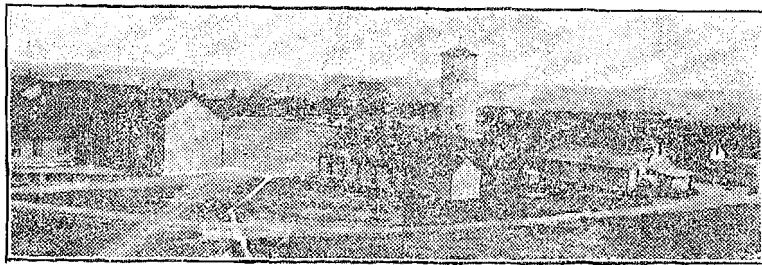
The Police have ever maintained an unbroken record of good work done and have earned for themselves the name of "The friend of the settler." Their duties are varied. The officers, in addition to their military and police work, and that of management, training and inspection of men, also perform the duties of magistrates, doctors, explorers, surveyors, mine recorders, revenue and customs officers, etc., while the men under their command have been called to act in the capacity of scouts, riders, explorers, telegraphers, sailors, mail carriers, public health and veterinary officers, prairie and forest fire guardians, etc. The North West Mounted Policeman, in fact, is like the British sailor—a handy man; but besides being this, he is trained to be a brave and fearless man. His duties often lead him into posi-

tions which require pluck, energy and skill, in addition to a stern devotion to duty; and instances have not been wanting where constables have laid down their lives in order to uphold the right.

The early history of the R. N. W. M. P. was fruitful in exciting instances, and a volume could be filled with stories descriptive of these men. In the early days of the Provinces, or the North West Territories, as they were then known, whiskey was freely sold to the Indians, with the result that they were getting demoralized. Horse-stealing was prevalent, and the natives indulged in barbarous practices such as the sun-dance—a mode of torture horrible in the extreme—and others which had to be put down. All this needed a great deal of tact and diplomacy; but in a short period of three years the liquor traffic was suppressed to a great extent, and villages rapidly sprung up in Alberta. Such, indeed, was the quality of these brave men, that they gained the confidence of the Indians and opened up the way for settlement of the vast stretch of territory, which has gone on ever since with leaps and bounds.

Wherever one goes in the two Western provinces he comes across the vermillion uniform of the North West Mounted Policeman, whose word is law, and who carries behind him all the weight of the law; and while he is feared by evil-doers, he is also respected and esteemed by the honest settler. Posts are established all over the Provinces and never, in the history of the force, has a criminal eventually escaped arrest. Although some men have escaped, they have eventually been recaptured, even if it has taken months in which to accomplish it.

It was during the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway that an instance occurred which is now one of the traditions of the force, and many gifted pens have been used to relate it. The line of railway had been constructed as far west as Swift Current, when



R. N. W. M. P. Barracks, Regina.

the contractors saw in front of them an Indian encampment, under Chief Piapot. Piapot brusquely announced that he intended to remain there. He had not, at that time, that wholesome respect for the law and the red-coated guardian of it which a few months' experience was to confer. The railway officials telegraphed to the Lieutenant-Governor of the North West Territories for protection. The appeal was turned over to the Mounted Police, and with just as much promptitude means were taken to remove the difficulty.

Piapot and his hundreds of well-armed braves were spoiling for a fight, but to quote the historian of the North West Mounted Police, "it was not the custom in the N. W. M. Police force to count numbers when law and order are on their side. Soon after the order from headquarters ticked over the wires, two smart red-coated members of the force, their pill-box forage

caps hanging jauntily on the traditional three hairs, rode smartly into Piapot's camp, and did not draw rein until in front of the Chief's tent. Two men entrusted with the task of bringing a camp of several hundred savages to reason! It appeared like tempting Providence, the very height of rashness!"

The orders were that the Indians should, without delay, break up camp and take the trail to the north, well out of the sphere of railway operations. One of the two policemen was a Sergeant, and though the younger members of the camp laughed outright at first, and ventured upon threats, even firing off their rifles under the heads of the horses, it did not disconcert the guardians of the law.

Piapot would not obey the order, and the Sergeant gave him just fifteen minutes in which to clear off in the meantime taking out his watch to show the Indian that he meant to be quite exact with his count. The fifteen minutes passed, and still Piapot refused the orders. The Sergeant thereupon coolly dismounted, and throwing the reins over to the constable, walked over to Piapot's teepee. The coverings of these Indian tents are spread over a number of poles tied near the top, and these poles are so arranged that the removal of a particular one, called the key-pole, brings the whole structure down. Then the Sergeant did a thing which, for coolness and downright pluck, is hard to beat. He did not say anything, but with impressive deliberation kicked out the foot of the key-pole of Piapot's teepee, which collapsed. This roused the Indians, who gave vent to a howl of rage and rushed for their arms. To again quote the historian, "The least sign of weakness or even of anxiety on the part of the two police, or emotion on the part of Piapot would have resulted in the death of both men; but the latter were, apparently, as calm as ever, and Piapot was doing some deep thinking."

"The Sergeant had his plan of operation mapped out, and with characteristic sang froid proceeded to execute it. From the collapsed canvas of Piapot's teepee, he strode to the nearest tent, and kicked out the key-pole as before; and commenced to kick out the key-poles all through the camp."

This had the desired effect, and there was no more trouble with these Indians.

Another illustration of bravery occurred in 1895, but this time the result was not so successful. Sergeant Colbrook was detailed to arrest a Cree Indian named Almighty Voice. Having been pursued and tracked for three days by the Sergeant, who was accompanied by a half-breed scout, they came upon him suddenly. The two heard a gunshot near by, and proceeding in the direction from which the sound came, a short distance brought the Sergeant and his companion upon the outlaw, who had just shot a prairie chicken.

Almighty Voice threatening him, the policeman instructed the scout to tell the Cree that they had come to arrest him, and that he must accompany them to Duck Lake. Without hesitation came the reply from the Cree, "Tell him if he advances I will kill him."

[Concluded on Page 27.]

CHRISTMAS IN DENMARK,

AND HOW I SPENT IT.

BY THE CHIEF SECRETARY.



A Fine Type of the Danish Fisherman.

LAST Christmas I was in Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark. This is a very modern, up-to-date city, with a population of over five hundred thousand. Its streets are well lighted and paved, and its houses are generally five stories high, as most people live in flats, but like most other big cities there is plenty of poverty and suffering, although it is not seen so easily as in England, being kept more under the surface. The Salvation Army in Copenhagen, as elsewhere, tries to do what it can to relieve some of the suffering and want, and more especially at Christmas. A few days before Christmas our Officers and chorists may be seen with their pots at the street corners with the motto over them "Hold tænden i kog," which in English is "Keep the pot boiling." From the money subscribed in this way over a thousand baskets of substantial Christmas fare are distributed to the homes of the poor whose needs have been personally investigated by our Officers.

I spent last Christmas Eve in superintending the packing and distribution of these baskets. Then I went to the largest of our two Men's Shelters, where nearly two hundred men are accommodated every night. There our Shelter Officers had prepared a free Christmas dinner for the men, and this, as is usual in Denmark, was served, not on Christmas Day, as in English-speaking countries, but on the evening before at about six o'clock. First came a steaming hot dish of boiled rice with plenty of cinnamon in it, accompanied by a cupful of Danish "beer," but, of course, of the non-intoxicating variety. Each spoonful of rice was dipped in the beer to give it additional flavour. As I entered the dining hall I shouted loud enough for all to hear above the clatter of the dishes, "Gladelig Jul" (A Happy Christmas), on which the whole hungry crowd stopped eating their rice and stood up, and bowing with the inherent politeness of all Danes, answered back with a "Gladelig Jul," to me. Then, after the rice came another traditional Danish Christmas dish of fat roast pork and boiled red cabbage. While they were eating these seasonable viands, I made a little speech, which, judging by the demeanour of the men, was very well received.

In every Danish home, almost without exception, even among the poorest, is to be found a Christmas tree which is decorated according to the means of the family. But no matter how poor the family the candles are never forgotten. After the meal is over the lights are lit and the whole family, young and old, march round the Christmas tree, singing the old Danish Christmas songs and hymns that every child learns in school. The men in our Copenhagen Shelters and Prison Gate Home are no exception, but these big, rough men, many of whom have spent long



A Salvation Army Open-Air Demonstration.



Young Denmark at Christmastide.

years in hardship or crime, become children again and march round the Christmas tree in our various Institutions, singing the old familiar Christmas songs of childhood, and the same can be said of our Rescue Home, Training Home and every other Army centre. Christmas Eve is also the time when presents are distributed and the inmates of our Institutions are each remembered with some gift of warm clothing.

On Christmas Day morning most people rise early in Denmark, for there is a service in every Church at six or seven in the morning and some even as early as five. Of course The Salvation Army follows the national custom with an early morning meeting, when the two great Christmas trees, which have been placed beside the platform, are lit up with candles from top to bottom. "Who pays for the candles?" somebody asks. Why in many Corps they hold, some days before Christmas, a special meeting which they call a "Lys Mode," admission to which is obtained by giving a candle at the door; some give a whole packet of candles.

Meetings are held all day on Christmas Day, which in Denmark is kept more holy than a Sunday, also on what is called Second Christmas Day, as well as Third and Fourth Christmas Days. Christmas tree festivals are held for the Corps' Juniors, for poor children, and lastly for the Soldiers and friends of the Corps. Marching round the Christmas tree is a great feature of each festival. In this way I spent last Christmas. Besides seeing lots of people, young and old, made happy with the joys of Christmastide, thank God, I also saw a crowd of souls seeking Salvation in Copenhagen, and hope to see many more this Christmastime in Toronto.

There is another interesting and beautiful Danish Christmas custom I would like to mention, which is

that of buying a sheaf of wheat and putting it outside the house for Christmas cheer for the birds. These sheaves are sold on the streets as well as in the stores, and thousands of them are hung up on Christmas Eve.

Christmas in the country is also a great time in Denmark. At every farmhouse there has been house-cleaning for weeks before, and baking and cooking for days. The railroads are crowded with people from Copenhagen going home to spend Christmas with friends in the country, and with country friends coming to the capital; so special trains are run in all directions, and every available engine and car are called into service, for Copenhagen comprises nearly one-fifth of the total population of Denmark and practically everybody has friends there. What a time of visiting and feasting, of theatre-going and pleasure-seeking it is? But then Denmark is by no means alone in this respect, for here, in Canada, how easily the real idea of Christmas may be put in the background or entirely forgotten, and the Christ Who came to bring "peace on earth and good will toward men" left outside.

* * *

What will Christmas mean to you? Will its joys consist only in feasting and selfish pleasure, or will you remember Him "Who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor that we, through His poverty might be made rich?" And will you not only be assured that He is a welcome Christmas Guest in your own heart and home, but endeavour to bring something of the real meaning of Christmas to other hearts that are strangers to it, and to other homes where Christmas cheer will be unknown.

Saved in a Bar Room.

A short time ago the Officer of a small Corps in Ontario was selling her War Cry, and happened to go into a saloon to see if anyone there would buy her papers. Three men were standing at the bar and each of them bought a copy of the Cry.

"I wouldn't be without one of these papers," said one of them, as he turned over the leaves and examined the contents.

"Say, is there anything about the races inside?" called out one of the others.

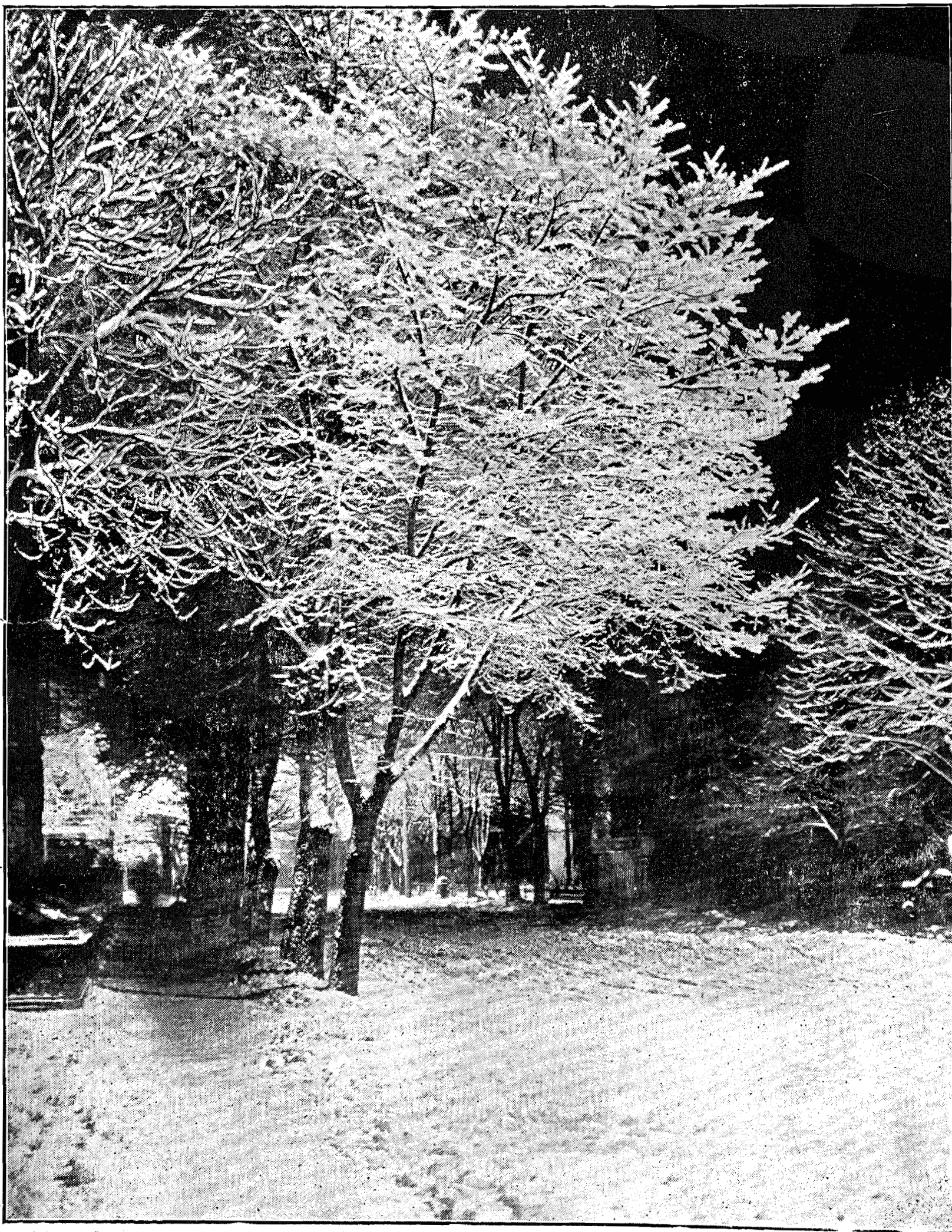
The Captain was quick to see her opportunity of driving home a truth.

"Yes there is news of the most important race of all," she replied, and then went on to tell them about the great Race for Eternal Reward, which God calls all men to run, and in the words of Paul she exhorted them to them to "Press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God."

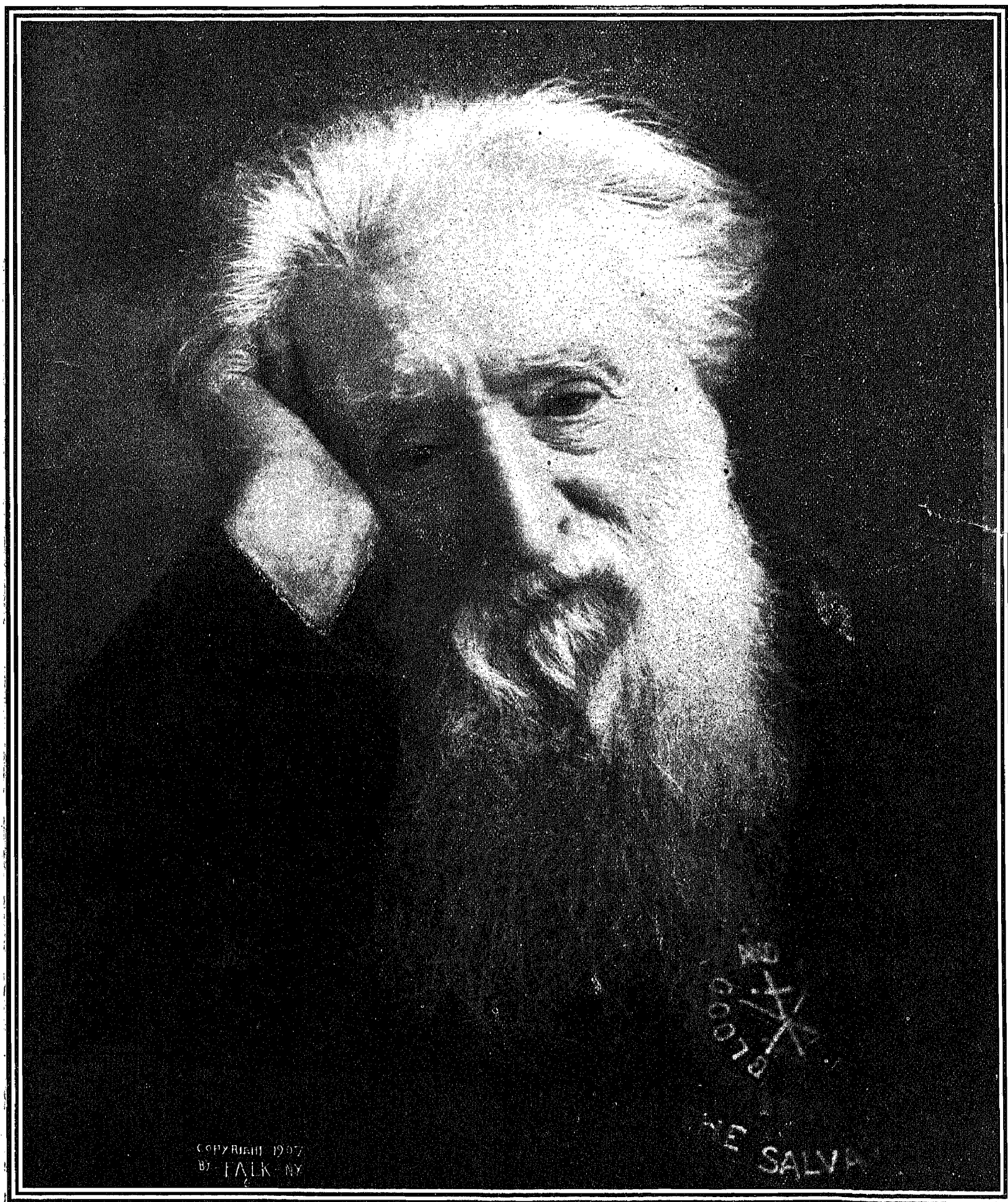
This so affected one of the men that he knelt down on the bar-room floor and commenced to pray to God. The Captain gladly knelt with him and encouraged him to believe in Christ to the Salvation of his soul. This incident made a great impression on all who were present and the Captain was greatly encouraged to continue her work of faith and labour of love.

CHRISTMAS IN CANADA

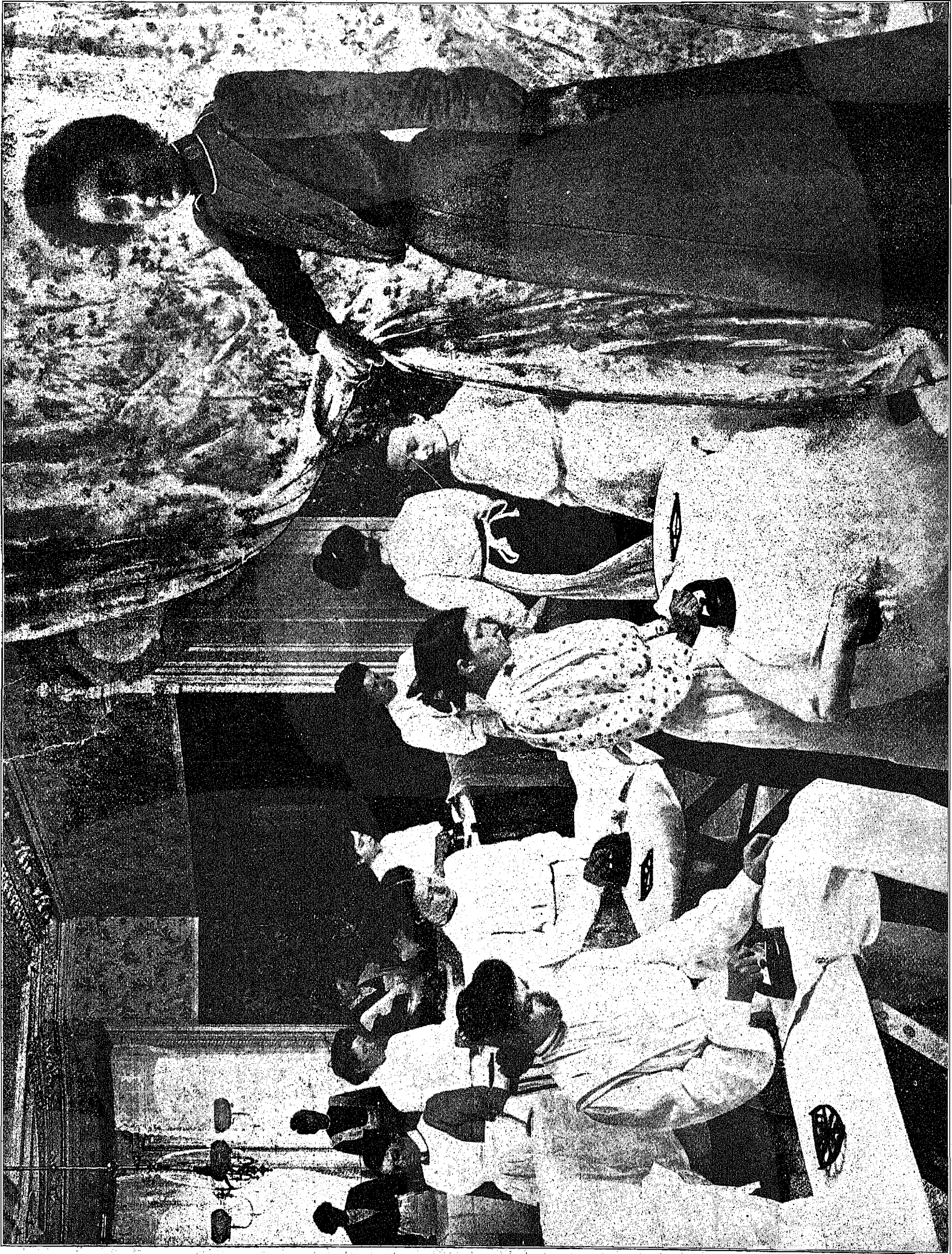
When the Snow Sparkles on the Trees, the Scene Looks Like Fairyland.



Our
PICTORIAL SECTION



OUR GENERAL—GOD BLESS HIM!

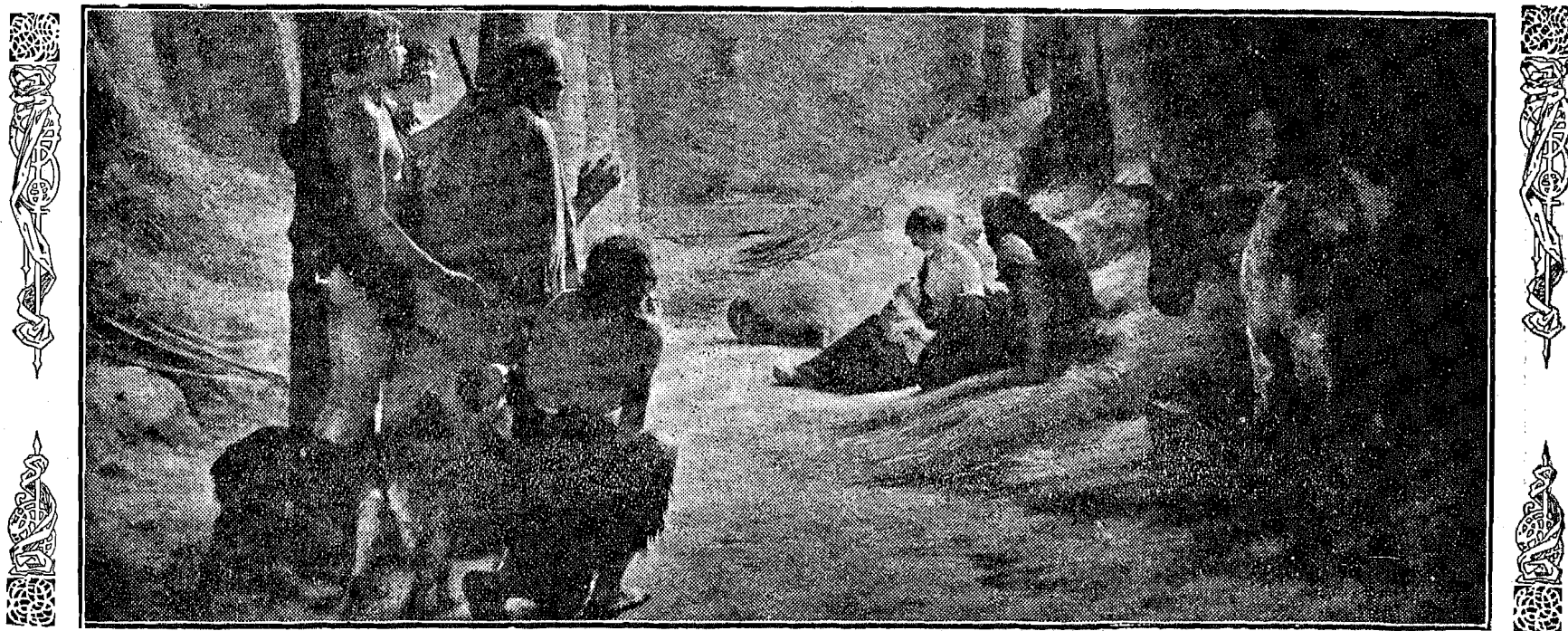


From Mrs. Coombs to
the Friends of The
Salvation Army:—

"The season's greetings, dear friend! and may I commend to your prayers and practical sympathy at this sacred season the Women's Social Operations in Canada, which comprise eleven Rescue Homes and Maternity Hospitals, with accommodation for 467 women and children?"

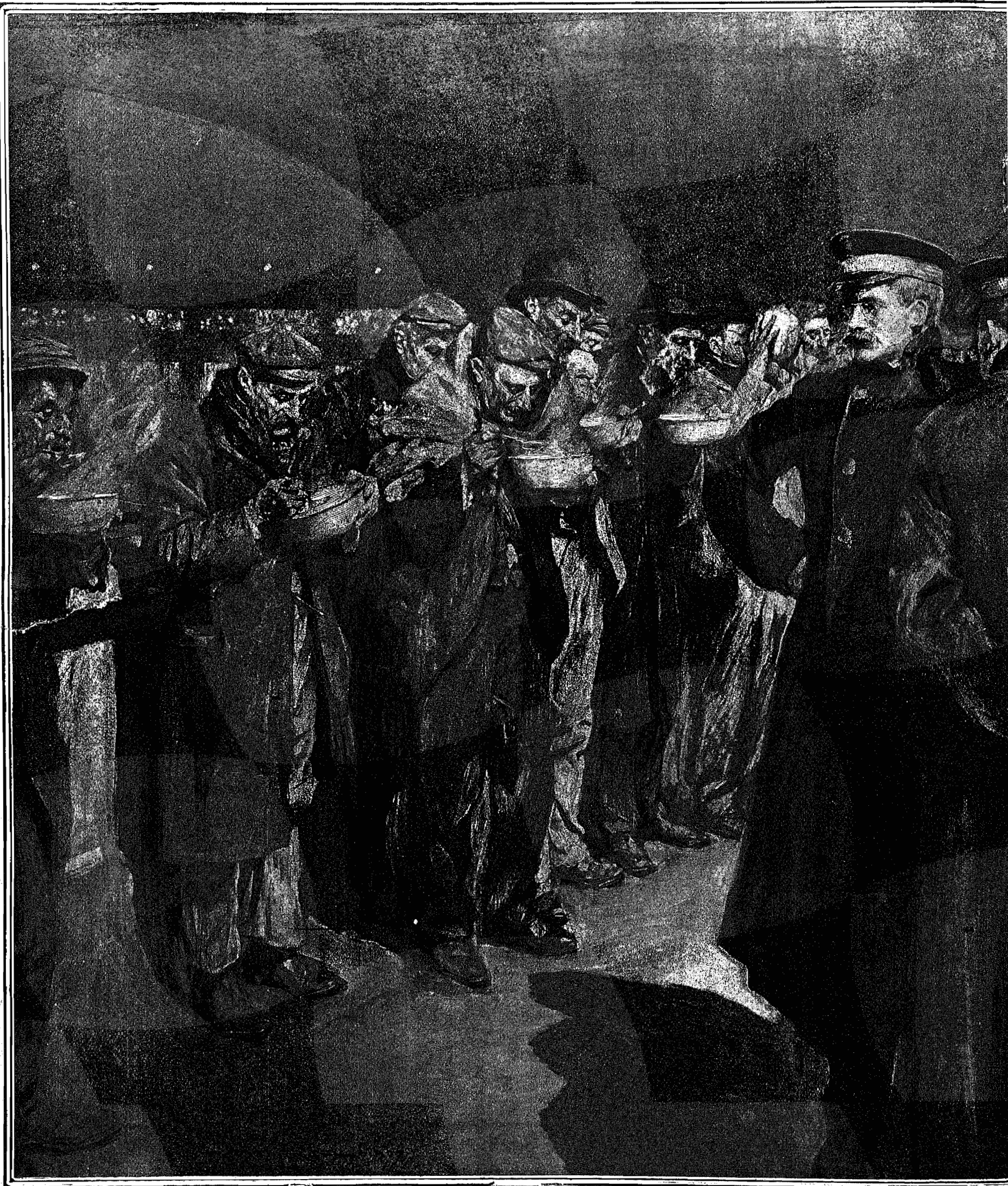


The Presentation in the Temple—"Mine Eyes Have Seen Thy Salvation."



During the Night of the First Christmas—The Shepherds at the Stable.

THE FALLEN IN LIFE'S BATTLE: THE NIGHTLY DISTRIBUTION OF SOUP BY



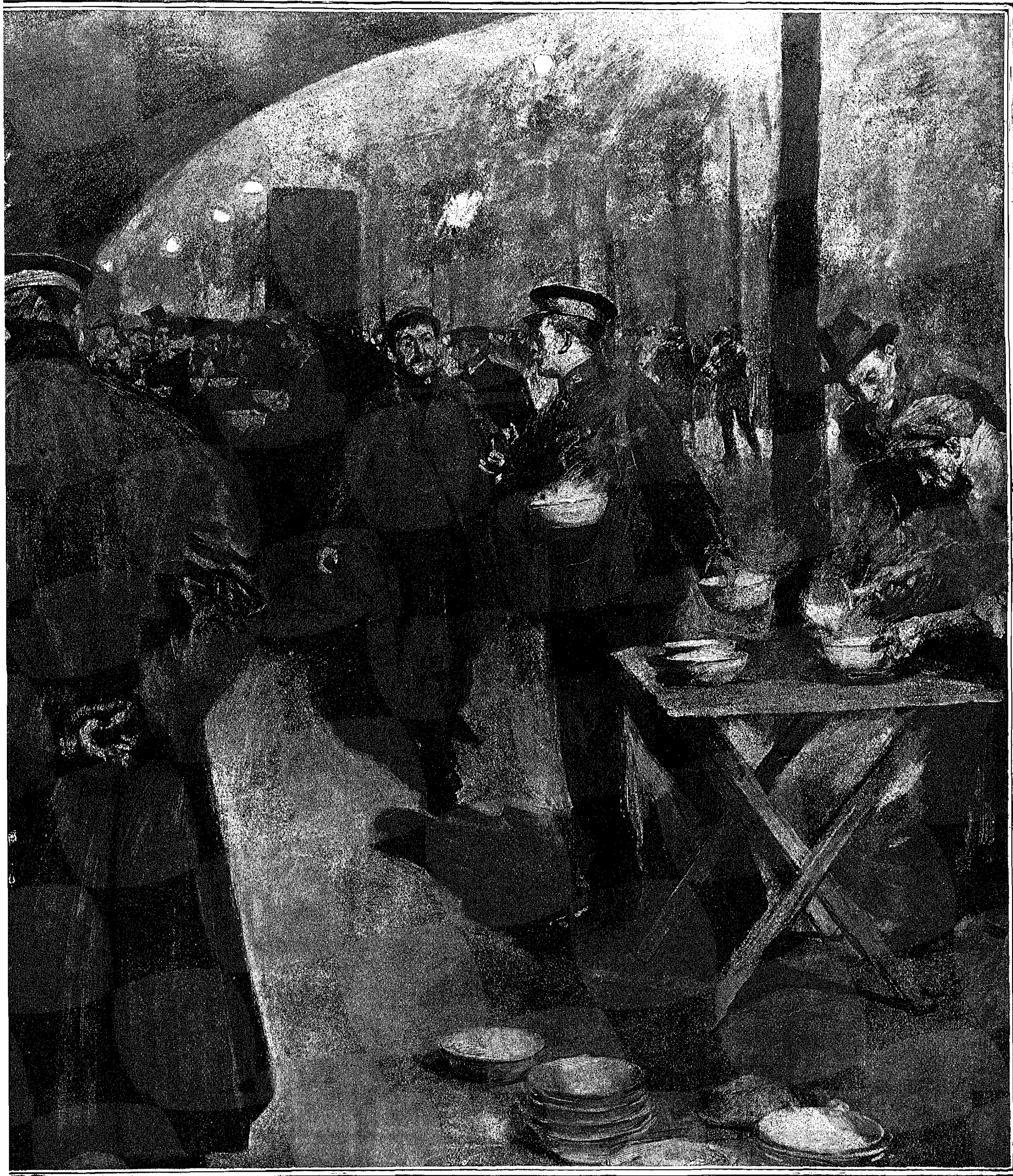
The richest city in the world has surely no sadder spectacle to offer than this, of the ill-clad, gaunt and starving battalion of London's submerged population. Every night during the prevailing cold weather, some five hundred men draw up in a long line, most of them joining that still greater army—numbering several thousand—of the Salvation Army gives them.

TITLE: THE NIGHTLY DISTRIBUTION OF SOUP BY THE SALVATION ARMY ON THE VICTO



pectacle to offer than this, of the ill-clad, gaunt and starving battalion of London's submerged tenth, who gather after midnight on the Victoria Embankment, in the
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away, most of them joining that still greater army—numbering several thousands—who, homeless and friendless, pass the cold winter nights out of do

THE SALVATION ARMY ON THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, LONDON, ENGLAND.



and tenth, who gather after midnight on the Victoria Embankment, in the vicinity of Waterloo Bridge, for the sake of the bowl of soup which The Salvation Army distributes. The men stand in line and await the distribution, which begins at one o'clock. By 1.15 the ceremony is over, and the crowd melts away. Thousands—who, homeless and friendless, pass the cold winter nights out of doors.



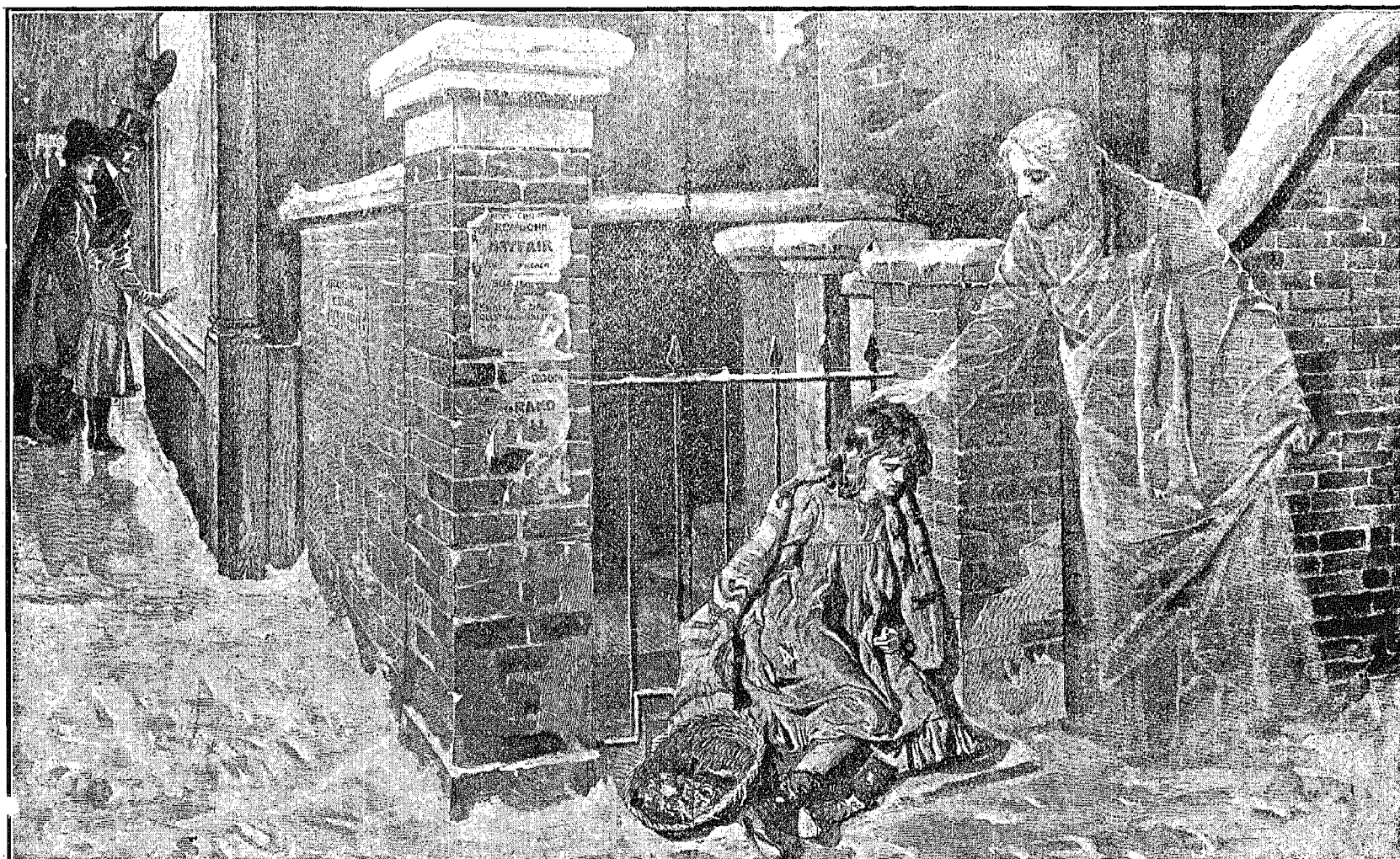
(Reproduced by permission of the artist.)

(Painted by Wm. Crivichank, R.C.A.J.)

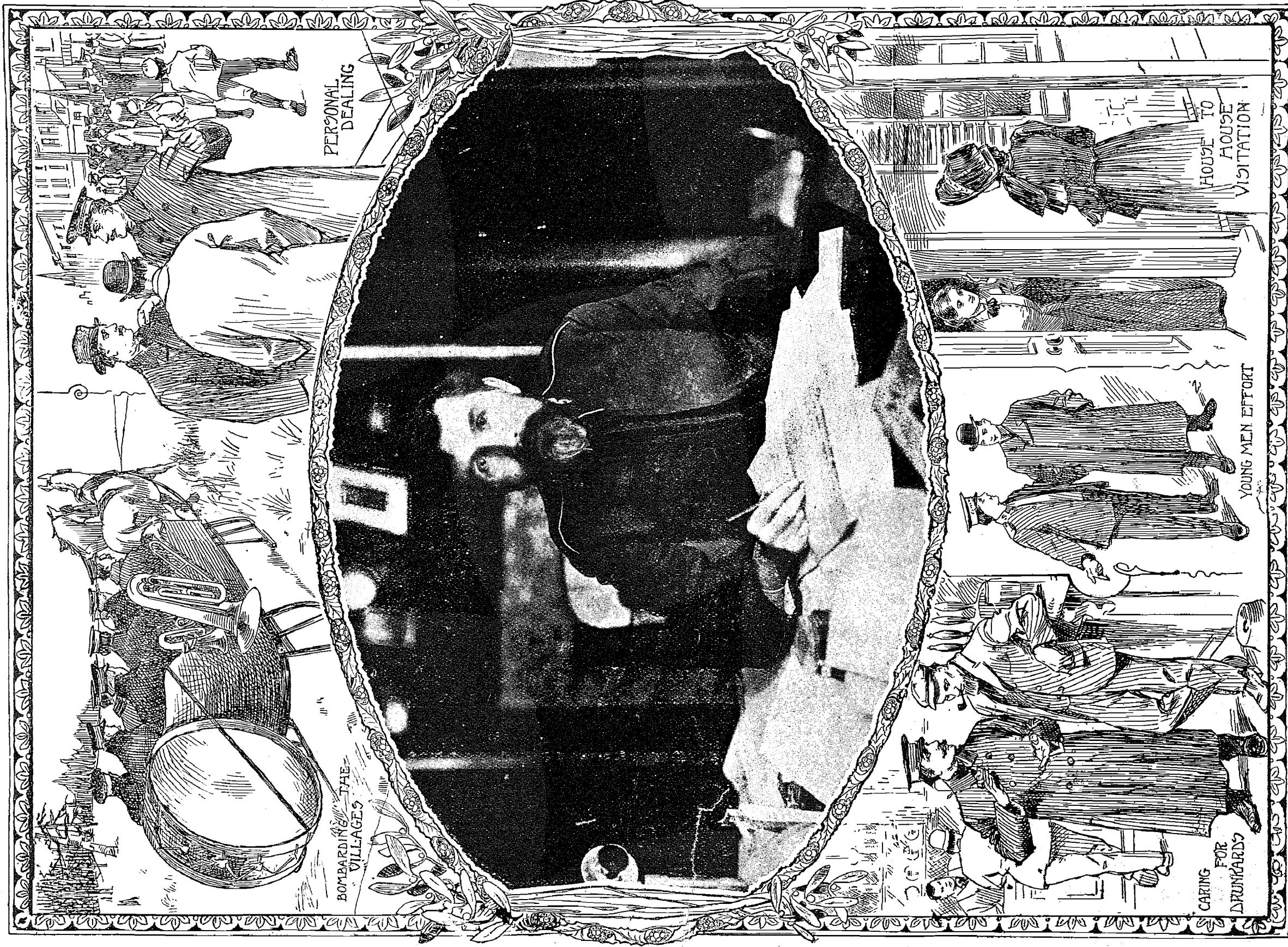




Christmastide finds some families in adversity, even in Canada The Salvation Army's tripod collections help many to enjoy a happy Christmas who otherwise would not.

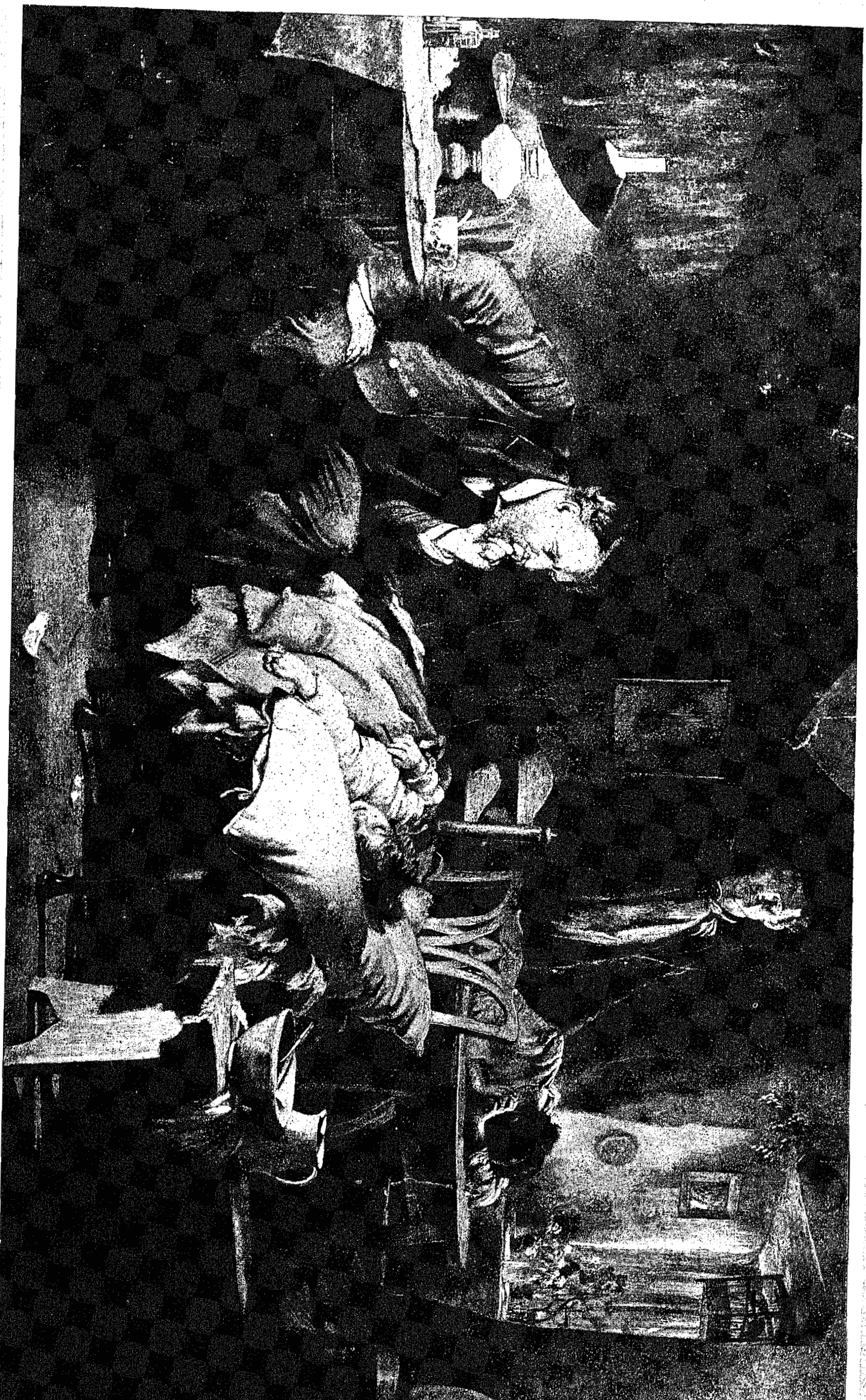


This striking picture illustrates the words of Christ: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My little ones, ye have done it unto Me."



COMMISSIONER GOOMBS AT HIS WORK-TABLE, READY TO SIGN THE MANIFESTO OF THE WINTER CAMPAIGN.

May this winter campaign be the very best we have ever had in Canada!
 To make it such, my comrades, we must pray more and work
 harder than we ever have done. God will not fail us. off
 yours in the blood & fire that burn



THE DOCTOR



"From an Indian Village Situated Well Within the Forest Came Sounds of Evening Life."

FOUND IN THE BLIZZARD.

[This story illustrates, in a striking fashion, the methods adopted by lonely Salvationists in Canada for spreading the Gospel of Christ, and although the incidents here narrated did not happen in the order recorded, they have taken place. Incidentally the article contains much instructive matter concerning life in the North and is well worth reading.—EDITOR.]

PART I.



T WAS a bright Autumn evening in Northern Manitoba. The air had in it just enough of the touch of frost to give it a bracing crispness, and the leaves were just beginning to turn from golden red to brown preparatory to falling. Squirrels still chattered among the tree tops and scampered along the ground gathering nuts by the slowly fading light.

From an Indian village, situated well within the forest, came the sound of evening life. Groups of children played about among the lodges and under the trees, while a pack of the half-savage sleigh-dogs wrangled and growled over some refuse freshly scattered in the outskirts of the place. From the cooking fires, where the squaws were preparing the evening meals, came the savoury odour of broiling trout and venison; and the numerous pelts which hung on drying-boards from the teepee-poles, showed that the hunting season had, thus far, been very favourable. In front of the big Council Lodge, a group of braves were standing, listening to the recital of two of their number who had just returned from a visit to the trading post, far to the southward.

"What say you, Wetaski! you stayed to listen at a preaching council of the pale-faces? Care you then so much for the religion of the white-men that you should tarry at the post four days merely to give ear to their gabblings?" asked, in sarcastic tones, a tall Indian who wore the silver ornaments of a sub-chief.

"But these were a most remarkable sort of preachers, Nish-wish-tin," earnestly replied the person who had been addressed. "They wore caps and red shirts much like the soldiers of the great king, and carried and beat a big drum that was three times larger than the medicine drum of the Assiniboines. They were called also a sort of Army. But when they spoke it was explained that they fought not as the king's soldiers do, with rifle and sabre, but with prayer-words and songs and preaching fought they for Jesus Christ, the God of the pale-faces, Whom, they declared, loved also the red-men, and had died that all might believe on Him, and be delivered from evil-doing and the power of bad spirits. It was wonderfully interesting the manner in which they spoke, 'And so we lingered, Tikana here, and I, and also Unoka. And the strangest part of it all was that on the last night of their preaching, Unoka, after many groans, as if he had been in pain, went out to their prayer-bench, and there wept and cried like a woman. And after much song, and many words spoken to their Manitou, our comrade stood up on his feet and declared that he had found peace of heart through their God. And all the way home the man has been like one who walks on air, and neither I nor Tigana could provoke him to a quarrel, but he answered us ever by smiles and soft words instead of blows.'"

At this account of the change in Unoka, the quarrelsome, a murmur of surprise ran round the group. But Nish-wish-tin put in scornfully—"Huh! Unoka has become a woman. The religion of the pale-faces is

A TALE OF THE NORTH.

By W. F. McAlister, Saskatoon, Sask.

not for our people. What is all this talk of theirs about God, only to try to make us bow our necks to their yoke and give up our lands to them for a little or nothing!"

"They of the red shirts seemed not to be after land," answered Wetaski, slowly, "but here comes Unoka, he can speak for himself."

A silence fell on the group as the Indian, in question, approached—a young, powerfully built man with a bright, earnest face. Only the sub-chief spoke; and there was a ring of bitter irony in his voice as he asked—"Is this our warrior comrade, Unoka, that I see? or is it some frightened squaw that weeps and cowers before the palaver of the pale-faces, and believes their lies about a God and hell invented by themselves?"

"It is I, Brother Nish-wish-tin," answered the other, calmly, and, as if not minding the stinging words, "and no less of a man, I trust, because I have given my heart's allegiance to the great God who made heaven and earth, and in mercy sent His Son to suffer and die for my deliverance from sin."

"Pooh! That is all foolishness. With what magic have the white-men bewitched you that you roll out this drivel before the men of our tribe? Listen, Unoka, when I was but a papoose I was, as you know, taken away to Ontario, and taught in the learning and so-called culture of the pale-faces, until I was grown up. I have heard much about their God and the religion of love, as they call it; but never saw I that it made any difference in their lives, or that they were any the less ready to lie or cheat, or hate, or any of the other things which they preached against. So that when I had grown to manhood, I returned to my own people, and to the totem charms of my fathers, which are good enough for me. Who these people of the red shirts may be, I know not; but never saw I ought in the ways of the white-men that would make me willing to give ear to their preaching. Be no longer a fool, Unoka; renounce these silly deceptions now; and let me call you comrade once more."

"I would always be glad to have your friendship, Nish-wish-tin. But renounce my Saviour, I will not; not for you nor for all the other men in the world. It is true that many white-men do not serve Him, even of those who profess His name. But those, to whom I listened at the post, are good and holy people; who spoke with such power as I have never heard before. What is more, the Salvation of Jesus is not for any one people; but He died for all—red, white and black, might come to Him and live. And, in the few days that I have been serving and trusting Him, I have had such peace and mighty happiness in my heart as I never found while walking in the evil ways of my fathers."

The tall sub-chief bit his lip, and then answered sneeringly—"No animal is happy when it is trapped; only the Indian when he is snared by the incantations of the whites. Waugh! I want no more to do with such sick babies as you are." And with these words he turned on his heel and strode away with a disgusted air to his teepee.

One or two others followed the angry heathen's example. But most of the group remained, for was

not old Iukisa, the head chief of the village, and a man famed through the entire tribe for his wisdom, speaking now? His words were words of moderation.

"I know something of those people of the red shirts and the great drum. The time that I, with other chiefs from the villages in the North, went to the head city of the white-men for a conference with the chief of the great queen, who is dead, we saw those people, men and women, marching the streets with drums and banners, and many songs. I enquired much about them, and was informed that they were good and harmless people, who wrought many deeds of kindness among the poor and sick and helpless."

"For myself, I cling to the religion of my fathers which has seemed sufficient for me. But if there are any who, like Unoka, feel in their hearts a longing for this salvation-doctrine, it seems only fair that they should be permitted to do as they think fit. I, at least, see no harm that can come to them or to the tribe from their following such a course; nor do I see the wisdom of reviling men for worshipping as they feel in their hearts they ought." Then wrapping his blanket majestically about him, the old warrior strode away to his own lodge, where his squaw had begun to lay out the venison steaks on the birch-bark chips which served as plates.

Most of the tribesmen, however, still lingered to hear more of the strange religion which seemed to have wrought such a transformation in their erstwhile drunken and quarrelsome comrade. Readily did Unoka expound all that he had learned of Army teaching and Christian faith; telling his hearers how those who would serve Jesus and gain eternal life, must not kill, nor steal, nor gamble, nor strike back, nor drink fire-water, and must be kind to those in distress. And, he added, "But I am going to learn more. For there was at the post a pale-face settler, one who is called McKenzie, and who has taken a government grant (homestead) over at Loon Lake and is moving down there now with his family and goods and horses. He is of the Salvation brethren, and seems to be a good and holy man. He has invited me to come often to his house and bring with me such others of the tribe as might wish to come, in order that we might learn more about Jesus and the way to Heaven."

"Yes, and he has with him a great yellow dog—big almost as a cinnamon bear; which they told us was of wonderful wisdom, and might find its way in the thickest of the blizzards, even as a muskrat finds its way under the water," broke in Tikana, one of the Indians who had been Unoka's companion on the recent trip.

"The dogs of the pale-face settler are not of particular interest, Tikana," answered another of the tribe, "but if he can tell us more about this mighty religion that can make evil-hearted men good, I, for one, would not object to paying a visit to his house."

"Agreed," cried another, and another. And so it came about, although it was a good five hours' journey from the village over to the Loon Lake district, that frequent trips were made during the rest of the autumn and the ensuing winter to the home of the Salvationist settler, Donald McKenzie. And that faithful soldier of the Cross, with his good wife, rejoicing at it; and, with much earnest prayer for help and guidance for themselves, bent their energies

to the work of teaching and dealing with those poor benighted barbarians.

Week after week, as the season passed and winter grew on, the visitors at the McKenzie cabin became more numerous. Some came to see Bruno—the great St. Bernard, which had already gained a marvellous reputation for sagacity, and had become known among the Indians as "The-dog-that-travels-in-storms"—but more came to hear about the Man, Who was more than man, and had bought with His death, deliverance from sin, and the hope of life everlasting. And so through the long evenings the humble shanty became the scene of many earnest talks, as well as of some fiery meetings, in which Unoka, who, under the McKenzie's leadership and the tuition of the Holy Spirit, was developing into a splendid soldier, and learning to read with remarkable rapidity, added his own harrowing testimony and earnest exhortations to the words of the Scotch couple. Moreover, before the winter had half gone, four others of the tribe, including Unoka's own wife, had sought and obtained pardon for their sins through Jesus' blood, and were giving bright testimonies to His saving power. Many others appeared to be under deep conviction, and it certainly seemed as if God had begun a mighty work among those ignorant savages in that Northern forest.

Only Nish-wish-tin, and a few of his hangers-on, tried by word and look and act to oppose the progress of the Gospel among their companions. It seemed to fill the haughty heart of the English-educated Indian with bitter wrath, that his humbler brethren should find peace and victory in the Saviour Whom he had rejected. And so he continued his opposition with a malignity that was particularly trying. Against Unoka, especially, was his venom directed. But do what he might the sub-chief was never able to provoke the Christian convert into a quarrel, or even to utter an angry retort to his bitter taunts. True, the fear of Inkisa's wrath kept the angry heathen from open violence, but everything else that devilish ingenuity could devise to disturb or distress the followers of the Nazarene, was put into effect. Often when there would be a prayer meeting in Unoka's lodge, Nish-wish-tin would come and stand in the doorway with a malicious sneer on his face; and, during the prayers, would beat his "medicine drum" and sing the uncanny chant of the ghost-dance. Then when someone began to testify of Jesus' power to save, he would produce his "medicine bag" (amulet) marked with its weird totem signs, and, holding it high above the assembled company, would cry sneeringly—"What power has your God beside this token of the mighty ones? This is the only divine power which the totems will allow to come into our village, or that can help any of the Sioux in the hour of distress. You are only a lot of fools, who, like chattering geese, encourage each other with your own cackle while you hear not the approach of the hunter."

One night when he was especially blatant, Unoka stepped up to him and laying a hand gently on his arm, said earnestly—"Brother, may God in His mercy forgive you for your evil words, and look with pity upon you in the hour you call to Him for help."

The sub-chief's white teeth gleamed in an angry snarl, and his hand dropped toward his knife. But something seemed to restrain him; and he contented himself with answering in sarcastic tones, "Whenever I call for help on your God, or on your pale-face deceivers, or the 'dog-which-travels-in-storms' then put Nish-wish-tin down for a sick old woman like you, and say that he has become a prayer soldier, too; but not till then." And shaking off the detaining hand, he disappeared into the night.

PART II.

It was the last day of February, and the Indian village still lay wrapped in its winter inactivity.

The morning broke dull and gray, with such a chill in the muggy air that most of the Indians wrapped their blankets closer about them and glanced apprehensively at the leaden sky. Only Nish-wish-tin, who had been particularly successful in his trapping operations during the winter, began to gather up a bundle of his best furs, preparatory to a trip to the trading post. Several men gathered near the door of his lodge, and one of them, an especial crony of the sub-chief's, ventured to remark—"You expect to go to the post to-day, Nish-wish-tin?"

"So! Yes!" was the somewhat sharp answer. "I never saw the threat of snowstorm yet which would keep me back when my plans were made to start." No one said anything more until old Inkisa, the veteran head-chief, strolled up to the lodge, and, after a look at the sky, remarked with a shake of the head

and in broken English—"Ugh! heap big snow come. Nish-wish-tin better stay in."

His subordinate answered him angrily: "Am I a pale-face papoose, that Inkisa speaks to me thus? The tongue of the Sioux is good enough for me. And I know very well that a storm threatens, but it shall not turn me back."

"When one who is called a warrior chief of the Sioux acts like a papoose of the pale-faces it is fitting that he should be spoken to as such," answered the old chief sternly. "Not in twenty years has there been such a blizzard as threatens now. He who leaves the protection of the forest to-day will have no more chance of getting through after the storm shall break, and will be as helpless in its power as if he were indeed but a white school-boy."

"Nevertheless, I am going. And if I let the storm overwhelm me then say that I was no hunter, nor trapper, nor guide, but only the pale-face child you seem to think me," replied the younger Indian doggedly as he bent to adjust his snowshoes.

"Ugh! Your mouthings against the Salvation folk have turned your brain," growled the old man in disgust. "Go, then, and perish if you will. It is little loss you will be to the tribe. You sneer ever at women, but there is not a woman in the North but has more sense than you with all your big words. You had better quit being a hunter and trapper and go and sew blankets." And with this the head-chief turned laughingly away.

Nish-wish-tin rose to his feet in silence, with a scowl on his face, and, shouldering his pack and rifle, was just about to set forth on his journey, when Unoka stepped through the crowd and once again laid a detaining hand on his arm. The sub-chief would have pushed him angrily away, but there was that in Unoka's eyes which made him stop and listen, while the other speaking earnestly and in ringing tones, said—"Hearken, brother, yonder on the prairie in the white night of the blizzard when all other help shall have failed call yet upon the God whom I serve, for He alone is mighty to save in the hour of need."

Slipping his hand from its mitten Nish-wish-tin reached into his bosom and drew forth the magic amulet of which he had boasted so often, and, holding it before the other's face, cried fiercely—"This is all the God I want, or ever expect to have; and when it shall fail, and my totem charms prove insufficient, then let me die in the snow; for no other power exists there to help Nish-wish-tin; none," and replacing the amulet he glided away through the forest with a long swinging stride, that soon took him out of sight of the village.

After an hour's rapid walking the still stubbornly reckless Indian emerged on the prairie and struck out in the direction of the trading post, a good thirty miles away to the southward. Nish-wish-tin had known that old Inkisa had spoken advisedly when he had declared that the worst storm in twenty years would soon be upon them. And as the sub-chief swung away from the forest it could not escape his notice that seldom had he seen such a remarkably heavy haze on the horizon as that which now, in the north-west, betokened the near approach of the storm. But his pride had been touched by the stinging rebuke of the old warrior as well as by Unoka's striking admonition; and he felt that to turn back now would only subject him to the ridicule of the village. And so, he thought, "I will press ahead fast and it may be that I can make the house of Lemieux, the half-breed, who is my friend, and will give me shelter till the storm is past. Then I can go on to the post, and, on my return, laugh at those croaking fools at the village." Thus drowning the voice of prudence, which would have warned him back, he set himself to cover the twelve miles which separated him from the half-breed's cabin.

Two hours slipped by, and the haze had come very close and grown much denser. The snowflakes also began to glide through the air. Nish-wish-tin realized that it was only a question of a few minutes when he would be enveloped in the blinding swirl of the storm; and he knew that it would be necessary to at once obtain bearings by which he could trace his course after the air had become full of snow. So hurrying to the nearest rise of ground he looked eagerly in the direction in which he knew the Lemieux cabin lay. More than three miles still separated him from the desired refuge, which lay concealed in a basin-like hollow, nearly half-a-mile across. If he could but strike that basin at any point he felt he would be able to make the cabin in spite of the storm. And so he noted carefully the position of each projecting shrub, and of every declivity and hollow clear to the

hill which shut off the basin and cabin from his sight, and which he knew was close beside it.

Scarcely had he completed his "look" when, with a rush of eddying flakes, followed by a drive of blinding snow, the blizzard was upon him.

Catching the direction of the wind, so that he might keep it bearing at the proper angle upon his body, and thus direct his way by it, Nish-wish-tin plunged forward before the storm. But thicker and ever thicker came the driving snow. Neither did the wind blow steadily in one direction, but whirled and eddied and tossed the finely powdered stuff in so many different ways and drove it into his face and eyes with such blinding fury that even to the experienced Indian guide—trained for years to battle with the storms of winter—it became a matter of very great difficulty to maintain his course. The tempest was about him like a great wall of white through which it was impossible to see more than a few feet. Before he had walked twenty minutes in it he became aware that he had missed his bearings and must trust to guess-work and the uncertain chance of guiding himself by the wind to find the half-breed's place.

But still he pushed bravely ahead, being buffeted by the storm and stumbling over occasional obstacles, and stopping now and then to try and adjust his course as best he might in that awful blinding whirl. An hour passed and still no trace of the basin. Surely he must be near it now. He pressed cautiously forward, although a shade of anxiety began to creep over his heart. On, and on, and on; still the blizzard howled around him in unabated fury; and no sign yet that he was anywhere in the vicinity of the basin.

At last he drew out the cheap watch he had bought at the trading post, and, holding it close to his face that he might be able to see the hands through the driving snow, looked at it, and gave a start, as he saw that more than two hours had elapsed since the storm struck him. For the first time in his whole life a great sickening fear chilled his very soul as he realized that he, Nish-wish-tin, the mighty hunter, the skilled trapper, and the unerring guide, was lost in the blizzard as hopelessly as if he had been only a pale-face school-boy.

What was he to do? The basin? He must have passed it some time since. To try to face the storm and find it now would very probably only wear out his strength to no purpose. No, there was only one thing left; and that, in the present instance, was but a faint hope enough. It was to discard his pack and rifle, set his back to the wind, and snowshoe easily before it in the chance of wearing out the storm—the last resort of an Indian in a blizzard. It was but the work of a few moments to divest himself of his valued rifle and the furs which had cost him so much time and hard work to secure. Throwing them regretfully on the ground he swung round to drive with the storm across the prairie. It was a little after two when he had looked at his watch, and he knew that he still had three hours of daylight, before to the "white night of the blizzard" would be added the horror of an inky darkness. He was tired now. How long would he last then, when he could not even see to place his feet?

But Nish-wish-tin, sub-chief of the Manitoba Sioux, was no coward. He had been out in storms before. True they had not been such storms as this, and shelter had been nearer. But he had always got through, and why might he not now? But as the afternoon dragged by, and there was no indication that shelter was anywhere near, his last remnant of courage melted slowly away. His strength was giving out, his feet seemed like lead, so that he could hardly lift his snowshoes. He had no idea how far he had come, nor where he was. He knew only that the short winter day was almost gone, and the fury of the blizzard seemingly increasing; while the power of the cold, numbing and stiffening and deadly, was growing upon him more and more.

Then his snowshoe struck a projecting bush and he pitched forward on his hands and knees. When he tried to rise he found that he no longer had the strength to do so. Must he die there in the snow like a sick dog? Not if the gods of his fathers would come to his aid. No! And raising himself faintly on one hand he drew out the magic amulet he had displayed so boastfully that morning, and holding it up in his stiffened fingers, cried aloud thus—"Oh! Mighty spirits that my fathers have worshipped, if there be any virtue or power in you at all, help me now!" He listened intently, but only the howling of the storm replied. He tried to rise, but found himself weaker than before, while the terrible drowsiness, whose meaning he knew only too well, was beginning to creep upon him. And so with one despairing sob

he flung the amulet from him with the last remnant of his strength, and sinking forward on his face he groaned aloud—"There is no help left. They have all failed, all."

"Hearken! Nish-wish-tin! Yonder on the prairie, in the white night of the blizzard, when all other help shall have failed, call yet upon the God whom I serve; for He alone is mighty to save in the hour of need."

Where had he heard those words? and why did they come to him now. Oh, yes. It was Unoka who had spoken them at parting that morning. And, as Nish-wish-tin remembered, there came into his heart a conviction of the awful folly of his unbelief, and the wickedness of his opposition to the truth. With the conviction came the hope that even the God Whom he had so long rejected, and fought against, might yet have mercy upon him in this hour of his terrible need. And lying there in the snow unable to rise, he lifted heart and voice into one last half-hopeful, half-despairing cry, "Oh, God of the Christians, help me. Have mercy upon me, and save my life, and it shall be yours for ever!"

Did an unseen hand touch his there in the snow swirl, and a voice whisper in his ear the cheering words—"Courage! Up! And forward!" He knew not, but it seemed to him that there did. And with the thought courage returned to his heart, and, marvelous to tell, a new strength came into his stiffened limbs. He staggered to his feet, slowly and painfully enough, it is true; but still he could stand. And hope gathering strong in his breast he began to move forward, whither he knew not, confident only that the God whom he felt had come to his help in the hour of his extremity would guide his steps. And—What was that mighty shape which came rushing upon him out of the gathering gloom? A bear? No bear would have come out to face that storm. And no bear would have leaped upon him and caressed his face in such a friendly fashion. He caught a glimpse of a brass-bound collar around its neck and gave a shout of joy as he recognized the McKenzie's big St. Bernard—"the-dog-that-travels-in-storms"—whose aid he had once denounced in such scornful tones. But now it was the most welcome thing that could have come to him, being lost, as he was, in the furious tempest, with night coming on fast. Putting his arms around its neck, he cried in English—"Good dog! God Himself has sent you to me. Go ahead and lead me out of this storm and darkness!" And the intelligent animal, as if understanding, turned about and began slowly and carefully to lead the way through the gathering darkness and the whirling snow.

PART III.

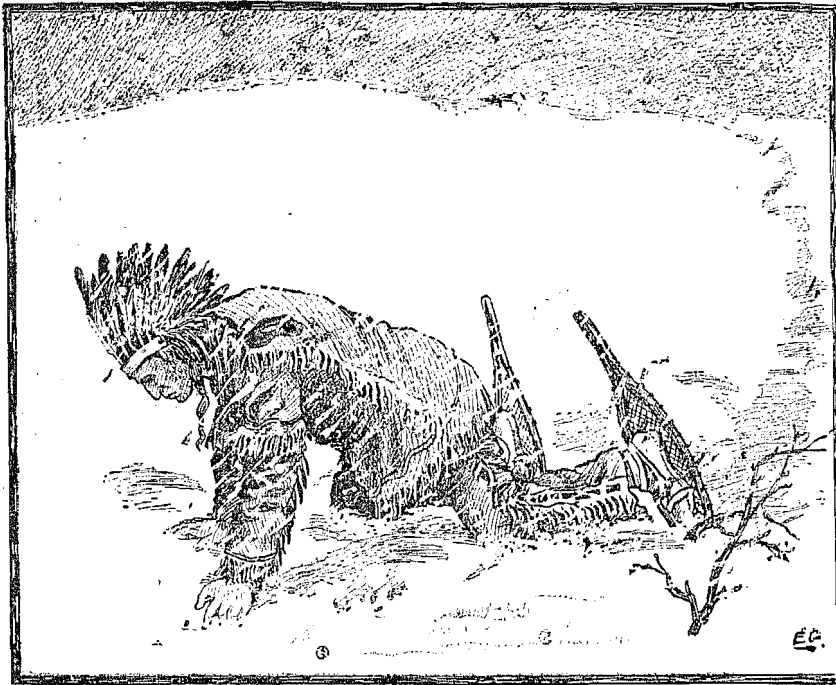
At the McKenzies' cabin, the blizzard had been foreseen, the chores done, and the animals made secure for a several days' siege before it broke. And as the day wore on and the tempest increased in power the good man and his faithful wife prayed earnestly that God would look down with pity upon all who might be exposed to the fury of that awful storm. Just as darkness began to fall Bruno, the St. Bernard, who had been sleeping quietly in front of the fire, roused himself, sniffed the air and listened intently for a few moments, and then sprang up with a short bark, and ran to the door, where he stood whining to be let out.

"Doon, Bruno, lad! What ails the tyke?" cried his master in surprise. But his wife interrupted him with a quick gesture as she cried in excited tones: "Donald, dinna scold the beastie, I believe he kens o' someone lost i' the blizzard."

Her husband looked at the dog intently for a moment. "Ye're richt. 'Tis the instinct of the St. Bernard blood. Go, lad, and the Lord gie ye to save who'er it is," and flinging open the door, he stood aside for the animal to pass.

With one mighty bound the splendid beast cleared the door and disappeared into the blinding swirl. His master noted carefully the direction the dog had

taken, and then began to put on his fur cap and coat. But once more his wife stopped him. "Donald, ye maun na gang oot in that without something to guide ye back. Bide a minute, and we'll lash together a' the pack-ropes, and make a line that ye can hark back by." And in a few minutes the two had fastened together and coiled a line fully 150 yards long, one end of which they fastened to the door. Throwing the coil over his shoulder the sturdy Scotchman strode out into the blizzard, uncoiling the rope as he went. He had reached the end of it without discovering anything and confused by the thickness of the swirl, began to doubt if he had kept the right direction. And so, standing still, he shouted at the top of his voice to attract the attention of his dog. Sure enough, the St. Bernard's deep-toned bark answered him from close by, and hurrying to the spot



"Must He Die There in the Snow Like a Sick Dog?"

he encountered Nish-wish-tin stumbling painfully along behind the unerring animal.

A moment more and a strong hand was under the Indian's stiffened arm, and steady feet were guiding his faltering ones. There was no need of guide line now; and so with Bruno leading the way, they reached the cabin. McKenzie opened the door, and Nish-wish-tin stumbled in, snowshoes and all, into the chair which the settler's wife placed for him.

"Keep back frae the fire, mon, till we see if ye're frozen," McKenzie cried, as the Indian sat down. "Ye're full welcome here, chief, but we must 'een take due precautions."

His guest ran his hands painfully over his limbs and feet, and then answered in grateful tones, and in perfect English: "No, sir, I am not frozen at all, though very much numbed and stiffened by my long exposure to the cold."

"Pair body; ye must 'eon be," exclaimed Mrs. McKenzie, adding—as she poured and handed him a hot cup of tea, while her husband bent to unfasten

the thongs of the visitor's snowshoes—"Here, drink this; 'twill help to warm ye." As Nish-wish-tin drank the steaming beverage the good lady continued—" 'Twas certainly a muist wonderful mercy that ye were guided here, before the storm o'erwhelmed ye."

"It was," answered the sub-chief very humbly, as he handed back the cup, and then turning to McKenzie, who had taken off the snowshoes, and rising to his feet, added: "White-man, I have, as you know, fought and scoffed at your doctrine, and abused and persecuted those who followed it, but yonder in the tempest, in the last extremity of my need, when all other help had failed, I called upon the name of your God, and in His great mercy—for I have sinned much—He heard me and came to my aid, gave me strength to go forward, and sent your dog and you to lead me here, and I have promised to be His for ever."

"Hallelujah! Glory to His name!" cried the other fervently, as he and his wife sank upon their knees. The Indian followed. And there in front of the cheerful fire-place was held a wonderful prayer-meeting. And when, after much earnest supplication and faithful dealing, Nish-wish-tin rose at last to his feet, there were many tears in his eyes, and a great light of victory on his face.

CONCLUSION.

It was on the third evening thereafter that the blizzard having passed, the converted heathen returning, reached his village. The stars shone bright and clear overhead and the swaying banners of the Northern Lights flashed brilliantly up toward the Zenith.

There was a murmur of surprise as the man whom they had supposed had been frozen to death in the storm, strode into the clearing. And it was increased as he hurried across to Unoka's lodge, and held out his hand to the man whom he had so long opposed and persecuted. "Brother, I want to tell you that I have found Jesus, and am His for ever. He saved my life out in the blizzard when my totem charms and all my strength had failed me, as you said He would. He saved my soul as well and has given me the first taste of real happiness that I have ever known. Will you, Unoka, forgive me for the many hard cruel things I have said and done to you in the past?"

"Forgive you?" answered the other, his eyes filling with tears as he took the proffered hand, and gently drew his erstwhile enemy inside the lodge. "I have prayed for this many days, and, at last, God has brought it to pass. Let us give Him thanks now for His wonderful goodness and mercy."

"Yes," replied Nish-wish-tin, heartily. But as the two sank upon their knees a form darkened the doorway. "I have heard the words of Nish-wish-tin," faltered the voice of Inkisa, the head-chief, "and the God who can do such mighty works, and can change men as this man has been changed, is the God Whom I want. Help me to find Him now, brothers," he added, as he knelt down beside them. And when the three rose at last to their feet, another convert had been added to the ranks of Jesus' followers.

THE END.

Victory in a Gambling Den.

In a certain Western mining town there lived a Salvationist whose daughter was fair to look upon. One day a nice-spoken young man asked for the hand of this young lady, and as he seemed to be a good fellow, the father was not averse to the match. In due time, therefore, they were married and all appeared well. Six months had hardly elapsed, however, before the Salvation Army Captain was startled one night to see a worn and anxious-looking woman come to the Quarters and ask him to help her.

"Oh! Captain, will you please go uptown and fetch George out of the gambling house? I have just discovered that that is where he spends his evenings and loses all his wages. Go and see him, for pity's sake and tell him I want him."

The Captain proceeded to the place with the poor wife, and while she waited at the door he made his way into the house. About six hundred men were sitting around playing faro and poker, and so intent were they on the game that his presence was not noticed. Over in a corner sat his man and making his way there, the Captain touched him on the shoulder. "What are you doing here?" he asked, "I want to see you outside."

George was surprised, but surmising what the Army Officer wanted him for, he tried to put him off.

"I'll be out in a minute or two," he replied. "No, come at once, there's somebody else wants to see you too." "Oh, tell Nellie I'll be down soon." "That won't do—I've got lots of time, and so while you're getting ready to come I'll have a prayer-meeting." That settled George and he arose at once to accompany the Captain. At the door he met his wife. "Now hand over your wages to her," said the Captain. "I haven't much left," was the shamefaced reply, "but here's five dollars." That morning he had drawn seventy-five dollars, and all the rest had gone in gambling. It transpired afterwards that Nellie had kept all this from her father and for months had lived on dry bread, and wondered why her husband had brought her home no money. When she found out that he was a gambler it nearly broke her heart. We are glad to be able to report that George got converted shortly afterwards, and both he and his wife are now happy Salvationists.

Christmas again, the season of good will and good cheer! Good will to men and good cheer too frequently take the form of thoughtlessly putting temptations to intoxication in the way of those humble workers who have done us some service. Merry Christmas will be all the happier and brighter if sobriety prevails. Let us all do our part to lessen the tide of sin and sorrow which usually marks the Christmas drinking season.

Songs and Their Stories.

COMPILED BY COMMISSIONER COOMBS.

Inspired by the Army Mother.

"While the light from Heaven is falling,
Sins confessing, wants revealing;
While redeeming grace is flowing,
Thou canst wash my sins away."

The author of this deeply spiritual song which has been used by God in searching and trying the hearts of thousands, is Mrs. Booth-Hellberg. She says concerning its composition: "The idea of this song came to me when sitting in the corner of a cold third-class railway carriage when journeying to London one rainy winter's night from Clacton-on-Sea, where I had been spending a few of the most precious hours of my life in nursing my sainted mother."

"The influence of the sick-room was strong upon me and the thought became stamped on my heart, that when I should be in the position in which she lay, that nothing but a clean heart would stand the light of the great Judgment Day, and in that lonely compartment the idea shaped itself into language, first for myself and then for others."

"I never hear that song sung but my mind goes back to that journey and farther back still to that dear face lying upon that pillow of suffering."

Commander Lucy Booth-Hellberg is also the composer of other very wonderful songs, among them being, "Dear Lord, I bring my all to Thee," composed on the eve of her going to India to take charge of the work there; and also that marvellous song which has been used for God to the blessing and uplifting of thousands of dispirited and discouraged soldiers, "Keep on Believing."

May she long be spared to write other wonderful songs, through which thousands will be won for Christ.

The Legend of the Raven.

There is a long list of God's people who have been cheered both in life and in the hour of death by this hymn, "Give to the Winds Thy Fears." A very powerful story is told in connection with it. It is called the Legend of the Raven. I repeat it as I read it:

"In a village near Warsaw there lived a pious German peasant named Dobyr. Without remedy, he had fallen into arrears of rent, and his landlord threatened to evict him. It was winter. Thrice he appealed for a respite, but in vain. It was evening, and the next day his family were to be turned out into the snow. Dobyr knelt down in the midst of his family. After prayer they sang:

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands."

As they came to the last verse, in German, of Part 1,

"When Thou would'st all our need
Supply, who shall stay Thy hand?"

There was a knock at the window close by where he knelt, and opening it, Dobyr was met by a raven, one which his grandfather had tamed and set at liberty. In its bill was a ring set with precious stones. This he took at once to his Minister, who said at once that it belonged to the King Stanislaus, to whom he returned the ring and related his story. The King sent for Dobyr and besides rewarding him on the spot, built for him next year, a new house and stocked his cattle stalls from the royal domain. Over the house door on an iron tablet there is a carved raven with a ring in its beak, and underneath, this address to Divine Providence:

"Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might:
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path, unsullied light."

Defeating the Tempter.

That well known Song, "Thou Art Enough For Me," has brought help and consolation to thousands of troubled souls. It was, I understand, composed under very exceptional circumstances. Commissioner Oliphant was dangerously ill with lung trouble. The Doctors had very little hope of his recovery. It seemed as if death had set its mark upon him, and as he lay on his sick-bed awaiting the hour when his soul would be freed from his body, the Devil seized the opportunity to tempt him by suggesting how little he had done, and that his life had been practically barren and fruitless, and so used all his arts to discourage him; but God, who is always near to tempted souls, and will not suffer them to be tempted above that they are able, came to his assistance and it was with the mind of a conqueror that he called for pencil and paper and between spasms of pain wrote:

"I kneel beside Thy sacred Cross,
And count for Thee my life as dross;
Oh, satisfy my soul this hour
With Thy dear love, my healing power!"

Thou art enough for me;
Thou art enough for me;
O, precious, living, loving Lord—
Yes, Thou art enough for me!

How a Great Hymn Was Written.

Around the hymn, "Jesu Lover of My Soul," are gathered many wonderful stories as to how it has helped souls in the hour and article of death.

It is said to be the finest heart hymn in the English language and was written under most interesting circumstances. The story runs that Charles Wesley was sitting at his desk when a bird, pursued by a hawk, flew in the room. The baffled hawk had not power to follow. The incident stirred him to pity, and taking his pen he wrote this magnificent hymn. One of the latest incidents where this hymn has been sung for the comfort of God's Warriors when facing a terrible death is thus recorded in a newspaper account of the wreck of the 'Larchmont':

"One of the thrilling scenes of the Larchmont disaster was that enacted by the band of forty-seven Salvation Army men and women, who went to their death with smiles on their faces and hymns of praise upon their tongues. When the two boats collided, men fought with women for their lives. The Salvationists took places on the deck and began their Army prayers.

"Slowly and distinctly rose the hymn, gaining in strength as the moments fled:

'Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly;
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.'

"In the fitful half-light of the night the struggling passengers, stopping, saw the singers huddled together, kneeling upon the deck, invoking the Almighty to hear their prayer, while others fought savagely for the boats, the little band, seemingly unmindful of themselves that their lives were at stake, that they had a chance to save themselves, if they would fight as others did, knelt and prayed.

"The spell cast over the shipwrecked passengers, however, was but momentary. In a moment or two they were again fighting for their lives like demons.

"Slowly the steamer settled. The minutes passed and the Salvationists still prayed and sang. The water was soon at their feet. At the touch of its icy fingers they felt the hand of

death laid upon them. A few minutes and the water was to their knees. There was a wavering of the song of praise, but it was not stilled. Gradually one by one the members succumbed. Of the entire party there was only one of the Salvationists saved—a woman, whose body, coated with ice, was dragged from the surf off the lighthouse at Block Island. She wore the little blue skirt and the red ribbon of the Army. Upon the collar of her coat was the insignia of her calling—the Cross."

The General and the Song Tune.

Major Baugh, an old Canadian Officer, is the author of several splendid Salvation songs, 'Tis Jordan's River and we Must go Across' and 'Breathe Upon me Even me,' are among the number.

One of the most popular of his songs, however, is that with the chorus:

"Bless His name He set me free,
Oh, the Blood the precious Blood;
I'm trusting in the cleansing flood.
Bless His name He sets me free,
All my sins are washed away,
And in Jesus I am free."

There is an interesting story in connection with this song. It was written early in the history of the Salvation Army. When it appeared in the War Cry with the tune attached to it—"Champagne Charlie is my Name," some friends wrote to the General, protesting against setting these words to such a tune. The General was impressed by the force of what they had to say, and inclined at the moment to agree that it might not be the best thing to use this special tune.

Not long afterwards, however, this song was sung at a great meeting at which the General presided. The soloist threw his whole soul into it, and the congregation took up the chorus with vigour, and much blessing resulted. The General was moved as he heard the song being sung—which he then heard for the first time, and—turning to the Chief of the Staff, he asked what the tune was. The title was mentioned and he forthwith gave instructions that we were at liberty to sing it, and the story runs, that from that time, the word went forth that all tunes could be utilised for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

How wonderfully God has helped the Army to snatch from Music Halls the popular tunes and use them for the salvation of souls. Music belongs to God. Discord belongs to the devil.

The Mock Mayor's Song.

'There's no one like Jesus can cheer me to-day,
His love and His kindness, can ne'er fade away;
In winter, in summer, in sunshine or rain,
My Saviour's affections are always the same.'

The author of the above was one of the worst drunkards in a town of Wales. In this town the ungodly crowd used to elect the worst drunkard among them as a mock Mayor of a part of the town called the Sandfields. The procession used to be formed and the individual elected, carried round the Sandfields on a plank.

Ben, for that was his first name, was elected three years in succession, being eligible because he was the worst drunkard in that neighbourhood.

Soon after the Salvation Army came to his town a meeting was held in that district, and he was smitten by the Spirit of God, and got soundly converted. The officers visited him the next day. His house was a desolate one, no chairs to sit upon. A box was brought out for the officer's accommodation.

This song was written after his conversion. He became a Soldier and Local Officer.

SHACK-STOVE STORIES.

[Continued from Page 6.]

might and expect to do the same to-night."

"The poor old man, professed to find Christ, seemed very much in earnest and really gave a very nice testimony; so the Soldiers spoke kindly to him and I made arrangements to secure him a few nights' lodging."

"Now, I know that some have their doubts about the genuineness of those who come to the mercy seat and are in need of temporal assistance; but the subsequent conduct of that old man has given me faith for all men; for he obtained work and stuck to it well, came to the meetings and gave his testimony with such sincerity that many used to stop and listen to the little old man in rough clothes and sin-marked face."

"The kindly interest the Soldiers took in the old man helped him wonderfully, and he became a Blood and Fire Salvationist. He has walked as many as nine miles to attend a meeting."

"After a time I farewelled, but this Summer I had an opportunity of revisiting that town, and amongst the first to welcome me was my old friend, and when I saw him my heart was filled with praise for His transforming Grace."

There were many ejaculations of Praise and Glory to God at the conclusion of this story, and then Adjutant White, with his customary deliberation, intimated that he had something to say. This is what he said:

Convincing the D. D.

"It is astonishing what an amount of good is accomplished by the Army in our small Canadian towns. Although the fact remains that some people think the Army is only needed in the large centres of population."



ADJUTANT WHITE.

"I was conversing with a gentleman, one day, about the Army work, and this dear man evidently was not in the best of moods and thought that while the Army was doing good work in the large cities, it was about time they moved their big drum and flag from the small towns, where the people were so well looked after

by the pastors of the different Churches."

"I told him that I thought there was a work for the Army even in the small places and that it was being done with considerable success."

"He said he had his doubts, but I remarked that his doubts possibly resulted from his not being familiar with what was being done. I then asked him if he knew the Secretary of the Local Y. M. C. A."

"He said he did. That he was a particular friend of his."

"I then asked if he knew where he had got converted. He replied that he did not but that he knew he was a converted Catholic and that he came from L—."

"That is a town of 1,500 people," I said.

"Yes," he replied.

"Well," I said, "that man told me last night that he got converted in that little town in a Salvation Army meeting of twenty-five persons. That is one case." And then I told him how I, myself, was led to God by the Army at Edmonton, with its 700 inhabitants.

"I think my learned friend—for he was a D. D.—was convinced that the Army had a work to do and did it even in the small towns."

"And yet some people have a most unreasonable objection to our methods," remarked Lieutenant Boyd. "If the company desires it, I could tell a little incident on that head which always gives me pleasure to reflect upon."

Twenty Minutes in Jail.

"I was stationed alone in a little Ontario town, where we had no barracks; we held meetings in the streets and the open air. The Town Council passed a by-law prohibiting meetings at a certain corner where we were accustomed to have ours."

"I thought the wishes of the council would be met if I held my meeting elsewhere, but in a few moments after starting a policeman appeared and ordered us to move on. I declined to go, so I was promptly arrested. I had given the policeman the job of carrying the big drum. The sight of the policeman carrying the drum and holding on to the Lieutenant caused a great stir."

"I was placed in a small cell, and accompanying myself on my guitar, sang 'Salvation is the Best Thing in This World.'"

"Hardly had I finished the chorus, when to my great surprise, there came from the cell opposite, the sound of a great 'Amen!' and the rustle of someone falling from a bench and scrambling to his feet again, with such exclamations as—'Is He coming? Is He coming? Oh, God help!'"

"Who is coming?" I asked, and quickly came the reply, 'It is Jesus!'"

"The unwonted sound of Salvation singing in the cell had had an alarming effect upon a poor drunken backslider. He was immensely relieved when he found it was only the Army Officer who had often dealt with him about his soul, and he was greatly impressed and promised he would go to the Salvation Army the first Sunday he was out."

"At this juncture the authorities came to release me and to interrupt the most interesting twenty minutes of my life. I accepted with pleasure an apology from the Mayor, who said a great mistake had been made and that it was never intended to lock anyone up for this offence without a clear understanding."

"The following day was Sunday. The large room of the Quarters was packed with people and amongst them the man who had cried out in the cell. He came to the penitent form and four others with him."

"This marked the beginning of a great change in the Army in that little town, for Headquarters very generously came to our help and purchased a Barracks, and inside of three months we were down to business in a fine building of our own and God was glorified."

The cheers that greeted this recital were suddenly punctuated with the strains of "While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night."

It was the Local Songster Brigade singing Christmas carols, and the Shack-Stove story telling gave place to the dear old Christmas songs.

The Royal North West Mounted Police.

[Continued from Page 9.]

The half-breed brought his carbine to his shoulder and covered the Indian, but Colbrook ordered him to desist: their duty was to arrest the Indian, not to kill him.

He thereupon, without so much as undoing the holster of his revolver, deliberately rode forward right upon the muzzle of the Cree's rifle. No mounted Policeman had ever yet desisted from the execution of his duty at the bidding of an armed Indian or any other man, and Colbrook did not intend to break that splendid tradition of the force.

Almighty Voice again warned his pursuer, but without effect, and Sergeant Colbrook, not taking any notice of the warning, was shot through the heart. Information was at once given to the Mounted Police and steps were taken to discover Almighty Voice. After many months, in which the police spared no efforts or money, they came upon the Indian in a bluff near Duck Lake. The Cree had then two other outlaws with him. The bluff was surrounded, field guns were sent up from Regina, and all the necessary precautions were taken to prevent the escape of the fugitive; but it was not before two of the constables and a civilian from Prince Albert had been killed and the bluff shelled, that Almighty Voice met his fate, being killed by a splinter from one of the shells.

Another instance of bravery is that of a Corporal who, while on patrol, called at the ranch of a settler. He noticed a tremendous prairie fire in the distance, coming along at race-horse speed. On the rancher informing him that there was a settler with a wife and family of ten children in danger, he galloped off in that direction, although he had been informed that it would be impossible to reach them in time.

On arriving there, he made what is known as a "back-fire" and proceeded to get the family to a nearby slough; but before he could so, the awful flames jumped the back-fire, and rushed down on them with hurricane force. The fire was fought dauntlessly for some time, with the help of the older members of the family; but, seeing that it was of no avail, he shouted to them to gather around him. He took them through the thinnest part of the flames, having picked up the youngest children; and after a desperate fight, reached a place of safety a little further away. In the course of this brave act, his own coat was burned off his back, his hands were blistered, and he was almost suffocated.

In 1904, Constable Pedley, who was stationed at Fort Chippewyan, was detailed to escort an unfortunate lunatic from that place to Fort Saskatchewan. After travelling five days through slush and water up to their knees they arrived at Fort Mackay. Owing to the extreme cold—for it was in December—the insane

man's feet were frost-bitten. The constable did all he could to relieve him and purchased some large moccasins to allow more wrappings for his feet.

After twenty-one day's travelling, they arrived at Fort Saskatchewan, when the lunatic was transferred to the Guard Room. The unfortunate man's life, thanks to the care and attention of this brave policeman, was not only saved, but he fully recovered.

As a result of hardships and his devotion to duty, the constable, who is now stationed at Regina Depot, himself went violently insane. After spending six months in the asylum, however, he recovered and returned to duty once more. He was granted three months' leave and, in spite of all, he re-engaged for a further term of five years.

As a last instance of bravery and devotion to duty one records with pleasure that of a young constable of good family, who was selected to carry despatches to distant posts. A stinging blizzard set in soon after he started, and days slid into weeks with no tidings of him. The following Spring a patrol, entering a secluded coulee, found the storm-worn uniform of the force still clothing the bones of the lost courier. On his orders, which were found in the pocket of the uniform, were scrawled a few brief sentences. "Lost. Horse dead. Am trying to push ahead. Have done my best." Truly, as the historian remarks, a pathetic vindication of the sense of honour and sense of duty of a gallant member of the remarkable force of Soldier-police.

But it is not only in the larger and more important duties that these brave men shine, but in "The daily round, the common task" as well. Many a thankless duty is performed cheerfully. They are in constant touch with the Provincial Government, to whom they render valuable assistance in relieving needy cases of distress.

When it is considered what varied and important duties the North-West Mounted Police are called upon to perform, it is not surprising that very few out of the many applications for enlistment are considered. Great care is taken in the selection of men, only the best get through even the preliminary examination, as there is no lack of applicants at any time. Two months' probation has to be gone through, and this is made as hard as possible for the recruit, so that he can show what his capabilities are.

During the last winter, when the weather was very severe, the Mounted Police did good work in hunting up cases for relief, and providing lonely and isolated settlers with food and clothing where it was necessary.

Commissioner Perry, the present head of the force, has seen many years' service, and his bravery and dash during the Riel Rebellion earned for him the well-merited approval of the military authorities. He is a staunch friend of the Salvation Army, and has given it every facility to hold services with the prisoners in the Guard Room at the Depot Division.

THE PRAYING LEAGUE.

Conducted by Mrs. N. B. Johnston, Prayer League Secretary.

Special Topic: Pray for the sick, sorrowful, poor and lonely this Christmastide.

Sunday, Dec. 22nd.—Enlightenment. Psalms cix. 2-172.
Monday, Dec. 23rd. The Divine Keeper. Psalms cxxi. 1-9; cxxii. 1-9; cxxii. 1-2.
Tuesday, Dec. 24th. Encircled. Psalms cxxiv. 1-8; cxxv. 1-5; cxxvi. 1-6.
Wednesday, Dec. 25th. Don't Build Alone. Psalms cxxiv. 1-5; cxxviii. 1-3; cxxx. 1-8; cxxxi. 1-3.
Thursday, Dec. 26th. Sing As You Go. Psalms cxxxv. 1-6; cxxxviii. 1-8.
Friday, Dec. 27th. Searcher of Hearts. Psalms cxxvix. 1-24.
Saturday, Dec. 28th. Not Dark! Psalms cxlii. 1-8; cxliii. 1-12.

Christmas Thoughts of Home.

At Christmastide, more than any other season of the year, our thoughts turn toward the spot which enshrines for us the endearing associations of "home." It brings together members of families who for the year never see each other, but who hail with delight the Christmas summons "home."

It asserts itself to men, who at all other seasons, are engrossed in selfish pursuits; they are compelled then, if at no other time, to think once more of the "old home," and seldom indeed, it is with feelings other than of pleasure.

The Sheep-Shearer's Story.

A CHRISTMAS TALE FROM AUSTRALIA
Redolent of the Wattle-Blossom and the Broom.

By MRS. MAJOR CARPENTER, EDITRESS OF "THE VICTORY."



ARTHUR, old boy, let's bury the hatchet and let by-gones be by-gones! You'll never go and leave me like this—we've been more than brothers! I acknowledge I was a fool—a perfect ass, but look over it like a good fellow."

The speaker, a bronzed Australian shearer, looked appealingly into the averted face of his companion, but there was no relaxing of the hard lines there, nor movement of the lips, and in silence the two men walked on. At length the gate leading to "Gundowda" station was reached, and the speaker came to a full stop. His face was troubled and as he laid his hand on the draw-latch detainingly for a moment, he turned and said in a deep, hoarse voice:

"You will go? Then good-bye, Arthur." He held out a great, brown hand, which trembled as he did so.

Arthur Dawson passed through the heavy gates, and giving his swag an upward jerk, he walked down the dusty road, apparently unconscious of the farewell remark or sad figure of his erstwhile bosom friend. He did not deign to look back, but when out of earshot of the gate, mumbled:

"Forgive him! Never! It's cost me my Salvation, and that's a pretty big price."

"But Charlie's got a kind heart, and he didn't mean to," began a small voice within, but conscience was speedily silenced.

Was it all a dream? Dawson looked around upon the broad acres of sheep pasture and plodded on. It was September, but the sun was already making his presence felt and the traveller was thankful to enter a stretch of uncleared country. The golden glory of the wattle had passed for the year, and only a few of the velvety balls remained in the tops of the trees, but the purple sarsaparilla and bride-like clematis vines displayed their lovely tresses of purple and white, from the trunks even to the leaves of many trees round which they had thrown their clinging tendrils. Tiny star flowers, looked sunwards, modest blue bells nodded their heads and bent in the breeze, sweet wild violets looked out from the shelter of a great log—the bush was full of spring glory even to the eucalyptus trees which sported their new growth of delicate pink or deepest crimson leaves in the sunlight. But Dawson saw nothing, and heard nothing until a flock of yellow-topped cockatoos, which flew screeching overhead, attracted his attention.

"It would be better to be one of those things, live your life and die, or be shot and done with, than to have a soul and feel such wretchedness," he mused.

But what was the cause of this wretchedness? Why was this man turning his back in bitterness upon his dearest friend?

Some months previously, Arthur Dawson and Charlie Dicks, left the back-blocks to spend their hard-earned cheques in the metropolis. Everything had to be seen, consequently The Salvation Army came in for a share of attention. Charlie enjoyed the heartiness of the meetings, but when Arthur got "struck on religion" and actually went to the penitent form and professed conversion, his pleasure changed to chagrin.

"Arthur, what in the world did you join them for? You're right enough!"

"I felt my need of salvation, Charlie."

"Ah! Well, old boy, our spell's up in a fortnight, and I'll bet anything you like to mention you'll give up the fad when we get in with the gang at 'the sheds.'"

At the termination of their holiday, the two shearers turned their faces toward the great rolling plains of the interior. Arthur was armed with a supply of Army literature and wearing a new, bright guernsey.

Charlie was surprised at the splendid stand Arthur took amongst the rough, godless shearers. He secretly admired the new Power that had come into his friend's life, but Arthur was not one with him as of yore, so he determined to join in with the others in their attempts to make him "break it."

A plot was hatched, and one night, a burlesque on everything pure and holy was performed before Arthur's eyes, and the loved guernsey torn from his back and ripped to shreds.

At this insult—not to himself, but to the principles he held so dear—Arthur sprang upon his mates in what

he considered was righteous indignation. On and on they urged him until he cursed his tormentors, and when exultantly they stopped their sport and threw at him the taunt: "Oh! it's all up now! Nice Salvo, you, to swear!" He did not go out and weep bitterly and confess his sin. Wounded pride followed hard upon the heels of his wrath, and rolling up his blankets, next day he set off to the West Australian goldfields, the most distant part of Australia from his previous location.

When Charlie saw the effect of his foolishness, his remorse was deep and sincere. He had hoped to estrange his friend from Jesus, so that he might be first in his friendship and consideration, but he had quickly proved the hardness of the transgressor's way and that God is a jealous God.

CHAPTER II.

It was Christmas Eve! The Corps had been doing its best to attract the Christmas crowds, and the meeting being over, the two girl Officers sought their quarters.

One of them didn't feel in harmony with the glare and glitter of the street decorations and the hum of merry voices. She was tired and an unmistakable feeling of homesickness had seized her heart.

She had just taken charge of the Corps and found things "any how," not from an outside standpoint, for the large seaport was booming, but the Soldiers—and the roll was lengthy—"did not want girls," and took no trouble to hide their opposition.

Home was a long way off, over some thousands of miles of tossing sea, but it was seldom she felt depressed. This night, however, kneeling beside her bed, she indulged in a secret little cry and then began to have communion with God before she retired to rest.

As she knelt she listened to a still small voice within which seemed to say:

"To-morrow is Jesus' birthday. He left His Father and His beautiful home, to save a poor sinner like you. He was lonely, and tired, and forsaken, but He never once murmured or said He wanted to go home—even for an hour. You have the honour of fellowship with His sufferings, are you going to fret, or will you—as He did—do the work God has given you to do?"

The soothing hand of the Lord, laid on the girl Captain's head and heart, soon revived the warrior spirit, and she answered:

"Yes, Lord, I will! Help me to be good, and true, and bright."

"Dear Lord, I feel Thee drawing near,
With Thee no tempest will I fear;
Through Thee I'm sure to triumph here,
Thou art my All in All."

When she awoke on Christmas morn the room was flooded with golden sunshine, and her soul with the joy of union with God.

"Good morning, Comrades! A happy Christmas to you all! What a good way it is to begin the day with Kneedrill." Besides a number of Soldiers, a few unsaved ones had found their way to the Barracks for Christmas Kneedrill, one being a quiet, sad-faced man, who carried his arm in a sling. Some weeks previously he had come to Fremantle, from "the fields," to receive medical attention, and The Army seemed to be a magnet whose power he could not resist. He attended every meeting (except the Soldiers'), both outdoor and in, but was very reticent and no one seemed able to find a way through his reserve.

"The Lord has given you a bad hand and sent you here to be saved," he was told, at which remark he smiled sadly, and shaking his head replied:

"I couldn't keep saved, I tried once and failed."

But on this sunny Christmas morn, he knelt at the feet of Christ, not bringing gold or sweet perfumes, but a broken and contrite heart, and the Angels took to heaven the song, "Glory to God in the Highest and oh earth peace and good will toward men." The Barracks was filled with true Christmas cheer, and "Arthur Dawson" was registered as a convert upon the Corps' books.

For several days his tongue seemed tied, but at last he rose in a meeting and told the story of his bitter failure and wandering from Jesus, finishing with: "Comrades, the Lord has taken the roots of bitterness out of my heart. I've written to my old mate, telling him I have made it right with the Lord, and asking for his forgiveness. Now I'm just longing for the mail to bring me his answer."

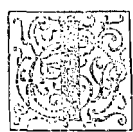
Arthur Dawson's testimony moved many cold hearts, and "a better spirit" began to prevail. Before the New Year had swung loose, the Captain had cause for great praise to God, for the platform was full and the penitent form and the work of the Lord prospered thenceforth.

Christmas in Birchbark Court.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The facts related in this story are connected with last Christmas and form a capital sample of the work of the Salvation Army. During 1907 hundreds of similar conversions have taken place throughout the Dominion. The matter referred to occurred in one of Canada's principal cities.

CHAPTER I.

The Wife of a Drunkard.



It was a bitter wintry night, and the few pedestrians who hurried along the slippery sidewalks took good care to pull their fur caps well over their ears and turn their coat collars up high, for the wind swept round the corners of the houses with piercing chilliness and whirled the snow in their faces with blinding force.

On this particular night a poor, wan-looking woman with scarcely enough rags on her body to prevent her from freezing, and with a frightened, hunted look in her eyes, crept along under the shadow of the houses. It was Susie Radcliffe—the drunkard's wife.

Shivering at every step, she made her way to the door of a saloon whence issued peals of noisy laughter. It was bright and warm and comfortable in this whiskey palace and there was merry company. The poor creature crouched in the doorway and strove to peep through the frosted glass at the gay scene within.

Just then the door swung open and a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a swarthy countenance which bore on it plainly the marks of dissipation, came staggering out.

"Hello! what's this?" he remarked, as he almost stumbled over the figure crouching there.

"Tom," said the woman, putting her hand on his arm, "won't you come home now? the children are crying for bread and they are near perished with the cold and my heart breaks to see them like that and be unable to do anything for them. Won't you come home and look after us?"

The half-dazed man looked at the woman he had sworn to cherish and protect, and as he saw how thinly clad she was and noted the agonised pleading appeal on her face, a feeling of remorse swept over his soul.

"Susie," he said, "I would to God I could do something for you but I haven't got a red cent left, and I've only come out of here because they wouldn't treat me to more whiskey. I can do nothing girl—take the baby and go home to your mother and I'll see if I can get some food for the other young-uns to-morrow."

Then he turned and went back into the saloon.

"Say, boss," he called out to the man behind the bar, "gimme ten cents, my wife and children are starving and I want to get them a loaf of bread."

"Oh, we've heard that yarn before," sneered the bartender. Get out of here, this ain't no place for hobos like you."

All the fierceness of Tom's undisciplined nature rose to the surface and clenching his fist he shook it in the man's face and cursed him bitterly. Then he strode out into the storm and went home with his wife. On arriving at the wretched tumble-down shack which he had managed to secure at a cheap rent, Tom made his wife take the youngest child and go off to her mother's house. They would be sheltered there awhile he knew.

After his wife had gone Tom sat for a long time in the bare room and looked at the slumbering forms of his little children, who were lying huddled on the floor, only covered with a dirty old quilt. That night the man in him awoke.

CHAPTER II.

A Visit of Mercy.

In the pretty little parlour of a comfortable house situated in the residential part of the city, sat Mrs. Robins and her two small children. A bright fire burned in the stove, throwing its warm glow to every part of the room, and on the rich rug spread out before it the little boy and girl were playing with a box of toy bricks. The lady was busily plying her needle on some delicate embroidery work, glancing up every now and again to watch the children at their play.

Suddenly little Gertie jumped up and ran to the window. Her quick ear had detected the crunch, crunch of the snow as someone came walking up the path leading to the front door.



Birchbark Court.

The house then inhabited by Tom Radcliffe is that one-storyed shack near the opening. It is indicated by a tiny white cross close to the small child's head.

"Oh, mamma, its Cousin Ina!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands in childish glee.

"I came right in without knocking, Auntie," said a sweet, girlish voice, as the door opened and Captain Ina Forbes entered the room.

"You are always welcome, dear," replied Mrs. Robins with a sweet smile, "see how glad the children are to see you again. Now sit down in your favourite chair for awhile and tell me how you are getting on in your work."

"I have been visiting poor families to-day, to see if they need a Christmas dinner from the Army, and Oh, what wretched homes I have seen."

"I have been into one of the very worst places in this city," said Ina. "I never thought there were such awful places in existence except, perhaps, in London or Chicago; but to find them in this fair Canada of ours has indeed surprised me."

"How did you come to venture in such haunts, Ina?" asked her aunt.

"Well, a man named Radcliffe spoke to the Brigadier on the street recently, and asked if the Army would send a dinner down to his home on Christmas day, as he had seen the Cadets standing on the streets collecting for that purpose. So on the list of names I received from the Provincial office was a Mr. Radcliffe, of No. 4 Birchbark Court. Of course, you know, I have to go and see if the applicants are genuine cases and really need relief, and so this morning I found out where this man lived and went to see him. I entered the court through a narrow alley and found myself in a little square place around which were some of the

worst tumble-down old shacks I have ever seen. Upon knocking at the door the one on which a figure 4 was scratched in chalk, I was confronted by a big, grimy man. He was all grimy with coal dust and in his arms he held a poor child that only had a little shirt on and was crying because of the cold. He invited me to enter his poor hovel and tried to be so polite—poor man—but he had only one old broken chair to offer me to sit down on and there wasn't a bit of furniture in the house besides. The floor was destitute of carpet, the walls were quite bare, a piece of paper was stuck over the window to keep the wind from coming through the broken panes and he had not even a stove in the place. Two other children were lying in one corner trying to keep warm by cuddling together and covering themselves with a ragged old quilt.

"Oh, poor little things!" exclaimed Mrs. Robins as she looked at her own happy children, "Ina, I must send them some warm clothing at once and some good food. Oh, this is dreadful!"

"I knew you would do something, Auntie," said Ina, "but it just seems a drop in the bucket to me, for there are such a lot of other poor people in my district and it would take a fortune to help them all."

"Have faith in God, Ina, and do just the best you can," cheerily responded the lady as she bustled off to get a big basket of good things ready for the little ones whose cause the Captain had pleaded.

CHAPTER III.

Christmas in Birchbark Court.

It would be a long story to relate how little by little Tom Radcliffe got together a home again. Suffice it to say that a new life commenced for him from the day he made up his mind to seek aid of the Salvation Army. Through the visits of the brave little Captain, he was cheered and encouraged in his efforts to reform and it was not long before he knelt at the Army penitent-form and gave his heart to God. All desire for drink now left him, and obtaining steady work, he was soon able to purchase a stove and some furniture. He then invited his wife to come back to him and, overjoyed at the great change that had taken place in her husband, she gladly consented.

Christmas day dawned bright and clear and as Mrs. Radcliffe watched her family gather around the cheery wood-fire in the morning and examine their presents with noisy delight, she felt that the Birthday of the Son of Man meant a great deal to the world after all.

"Oh, mawver, look! Santy Claus brought me this swell sleigh. Ain't it fine?" shouted the eldest boy, and the tootle-tootle of a tin trumpet and the bang of the cheap toy drum seemed to answer, "Fine, fine!" and it was indeed to the glad mother's ears the finest music she had heard for a long time, for it signified to her the return of that affection promised at the marriage altar.

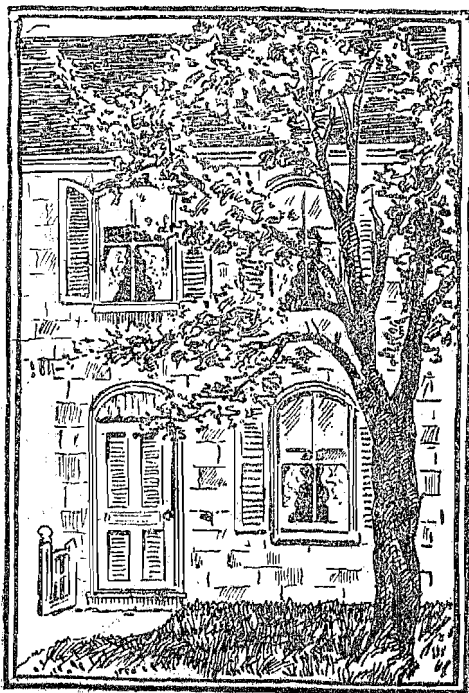
In one corner of the little room lay a basket from which protruded fowls' legs, and a peep inside would have revealed sundry packages and some beef and potatoes. It was the Christmas dinner which had been sent by the Salvation Army the night before.

Tom went to the meeting at the Hall that Christmas morning, while his wife stayed at home to prepare the dinner. They had an abundance of everything now, for Tom was a good workman, when sober, and earned plenty of money.

"Well, Susie," he said upon returning home from the meeting, "what a lot we have to thank God for this Christmas day, haven't we?"

"We have indeed, Tom," replied his wife, who was busily engaged in placing a dish of steaming potatoes on the already loaded table.

"The Captain was saying something this morning about not being selfish at this season," went on Tom, "she said we ought especially to remember others and try to make them happy, because this is the Birthday of Him who gave His life for others, and it struck me, Susie, that perhaps we're a bit selfish in keeping that



The House in Which Tom Radcliffe and His Family Lives this Christmas.



None more it is our privilege to be able to extend our Christmas greetings to the half-million people who will probably read our Christmas number. And it is with hearts running over with good wishes and seasonable salutations that we greet you all. These lines are penned in the Editorial Department at Toronto—we know not where they will be read. We received a letter not long ago from a dear friend who lives away up in the wilds of Alaska, and who with the help of a dog-team has to travel many miles through the snow to get the War Cry, which he regularly does and feels well repaid for his trouble. God bless him—and all like him; and may all our readers from the Northernmost latitude to the most Southern point on the line, and from the Atlantic Seaboard to the Pacific Coast have the most blessed and the happiest Christmastide they have ever experienced. God bless you all, dear readers, and here's to a Holy, happy Christmas, whether you are Canadian born, or British bred; whether you will be rejoicing in family re-union or enduring separation, here's to you, and whatever be your circumstances, may He who was once the Babe of Bethlehem dwell richly in your hearts this day.



We shall wait with a degree of pleasurable apprehension for the verdict of our readers on our Christmas number. Those who ought to know have been kind enough to say that it is "the best yet." We hope so, for that is as it ought to be. Anyway, we hope that all our readers, even if it be Springtime before your letter reaches us, will let us know how you like it, how we can further improve. But we fancy that the Editor is not the only one who is anxiously awaiting the verdict of our War Cry readers. In connection with that admirable collection of Shack-Stove Stories, there are ten of our dear Comrades who want to know who is going to get that ten dollar bill. And it is "up to you" kind friends to tell them. I hope you understand that each reader must send a post card to the Editor saying whose story it is you like best. If there is one which specially appeals to you, send your whole ten votes for that, and if you have equal liking for two stories, you can send five to each. Do you understand? Then the Officer whose story polls the most votes will get the award. Now do not fail to write immediately you have read that series and let us know which you like best. It will be somewhat difficult, we know as all are so good. We are very glad that the task of adjudicating falls upon the shoulders of the readers and not the Editor.

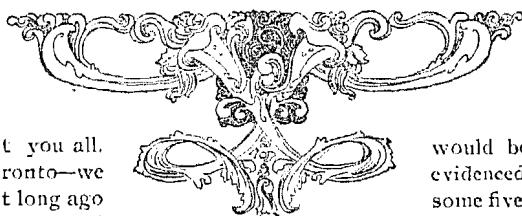


Our readers will observe that the supplements are this year, for convenience, fastened into the Cry. These can very easily be cut out for framing purposes, if so desired. We hope the subjects of the presentation supplements will give pleasure to our readers, and are quite confident that the Snow Scene by Night will give a very charming impression of Canada when she has on her Winter garb. In fact, there are many aspects of this Christmas number that will render it very acceptable and interesting to friends across the seas, as well as friends in Canada. Be sure to purchase a few, you can send your dear ones no more seasonable or suitable present. When wrapping it for the post be sure to roll and not fold the Cry. By so doing those creases that are so unsightly and which make it so inconvenient for the reader, are avoided. If any of our distant readers have not yet renewed their subscriptions we would advise them that this is a very good time to do so as we contemplate introducing some new features in the coming year, which our readers will find of great interest.



In the Pictorial Section is a photographic reproduction of one of our Officers who is collecting for Christmas dinners for the poor. We should like our readers to turn from that picture to the story entitled "Christmas in Birchbark Court." The remarkable change in a family's circumstances is directly attributable to a Salvationist who was collecting on the streets. We should like our readers to peruse that story for we feel sure it will increase their generosity when requested to "keep the pot boiling." By the way, throughout the Dominion and Newfoundland, the Salvation Army Corps will give 20,000 meals to those who, by stress of weather and other Winter circumstances, will welcome a substantial meal. There will also be other acceptable gifts in the shape of warm garments as well. Should any of our readers feel that they would like to share the good things that God has given them, with their needy brethren, the Salvation Army can provide them with plenty of clients. Throughout the world the Salvation Army will provide gifts of food and clothing for nearly a million and a half of the poorest of God's creatures.

That a terrible need for benefactions of this kind exists is only too well known to our Officers who labour amongst the poor. It may not be generally known to our Canadian readers, however, that every night



throughout the year no fewer than ten thousand men, women and children have no where to lay their heads in the great Imperial city of London. In wintry sleet and wind and rain they tramp the streets or find shelter like vermin, in all sorts of out-of-the-way places. That there would be thousands more if it were not for the Salvation Army, is evidenced by the fact, that every night in London, the Army shelters some five thousand homeless men and women who would otherwise be homeless by night. It will do our readers good to know that every night, beneath the hospitable roof trees of the Salvation Army's Homes and Institutions, no fewer than twenty thousand men, women, and children are housed and brought under the influence of Salvation.



Our two-page picture is a striking drawing of a painful scene that takes place every night, during the Winter months, along that magnificent London thoroughfare, known as the Victoria Embankment. In front of that gaunt hungry crowd the palatial piles of Somerset House, the Savoy Hotel and the Hotel Cecil rear their lofty frontages. Surely an up-to-date expression of the Rich Man and Lazarus. A London journalist thus describes the scene which the artist depicts so well. We are sure at this festive season it will be good for our readers in Canada to know what the Army is doing for the poorest of the poor at the heart of the Empire.

"Under Waterloo bridge, and stretching beyond against the Embankment wall, is ranged the army of outcasts who come here every Winter night to be fed—to sup ere they have dined. Farther west, at Charing Cross, is another detachment of the same army, and between them the draggled outcasts among woman-kind keep a separate station. In the roadway, a covered cart, from which men wearing the caps of the Salvation Army are lifting huge cans of soup. Piles of enamelled tin bowls and little heaps of loaves, already sliced, lie waiting on the pavement. Three deep the army of outcasts waits. Late recruits shamble across the roadway from time to time to join the ranks. They are coming to keep Hunger's Tryst. A few policemen, with almost the wide pavement to themselves—for the outcasts keep close to the wall—walk up and down the line, marshalling them in their places. The outcasts wait meekly, and stand in silence. They shiver as they stand, for to the murk and drizzle of a comfortless night is added the chill damp of the riverside.

"The bread is distributed, and the outcasts greedily munch their chunks. The bread of charity must be hard. To be fed by one's fellow-creatures, to be brought down to the very bed-rock of human need, and to stand meekly while bare sustenance is given in barest pity—that must be humiliating.

"The soup is served out, it is drunk at a draught, and then the line breaks up. Each man deposits his empty bowl in the pile, and then moves away. The rattle of the bowls ceases, a police-sergeant comes along to say 'All right' to his men, the constables disperse to their regular beats, the Salvation Army Captain drives off in his gig, and the Embankment is quiet again. The army of outcasts has melted away, to walk the night or crouch in the shadow of walls."

Again, dear readers all, a Holy Christmas and a Happy New Year.



Christmas in Birchbark Court.

[Continued from Page 29.]

Army basket when so many more need it worse than we do."

"That poor old couple next door are hungry to-day, Tom," said Susie, "couldn't we send the basket into them?"

"We'll send them in some of our good dinner and the basket as well," said Tom. 'Freely ye have received, freely give,' was what the Captain read in her lesson this morning, so here goes to bless somebody else."

Next door lived a poor old couple, over eighty years of age, who would have had nothing but a dry crust that Christmas day but for Tom's generosity. So Christmas in Birchbark Court was brightened that year by a touch of Christ love which had come to the heart of the one-time besotted drunkard, and little Captain Ina rejoiced to know that she had won a bright jewel for the Master.

Tom has moved from Birchbark Court now and lives in a nice little house on one of the best streets. He points with pride to the pictures that adorn the walls and the organ that stands in the parlour and the ornaments that beautify the sideboard, and thanks God and the Salvation Army for helping him out of the mire.—Sidney A. Church, Captain.





MISERY calleth to Mercy as she called in the olden days,
 When the Scribes and the Pharisees haled her into the Master's gaze;
 When they placed the adulterous woman, writhing with shame and pain,
 Unveiled, in the holy Temple—in the midst of a mob profane.
 But they paid no heed to her sufferings, those men of unfeeling breed,
 Who could harass the heart of a woman to buttress their tottering creed.
 The people had been to Jesus, who had healed them and given them ease,
 So they had no mind for a worship— all talk and phylacteries.
 Still the Scribes and the Pharisees flourish, and the Christian his Master obeys,
 And Misery calleth to Mercy as she called in the olden days.

Moses, they said, had decreed it— she should die for this sin accurst,
 But the Lord said—"He that is sinless let him cast the stone at her first!"
 Then their consciences, blushing and shamefaced, condemned them for sins of their own,
 And they stole from the Temple in silence, leaving Misery and Mercy alone.
 Then Christ spake to the anguished woman who crouched on the Temple floor,
 And He uttered no condemnation, but said, "Go, and sin no more!"
 Though this woman had strayed from virtue—had committed the thing abhorred,
 She was snatched from the hand of Justice by the pity and power of the Lord.
 And he is the most like the Master who walketh in merciful ways,
 For Misery calleth to Mercy as she called in the olden days.

Yet still there are women around us, who have fallen to lives of shame,
 Who are scorned by virtuous persons, and known by an evil name.
 Some frequent places of darkness, like the vampire that flieth by night,
 And others the haunts of the debauchee 'midst revelry, folly, and light.
 And some, they have seen but few summers, while others are grey with their years,
 But all know the sorrow that shame brings, and have washed their cheeks with their tears.
 They have sinned, and 'tis just they should suffer, for this is the law of all things:
 The transgressor shall not escape sorrow, nor the penalty wickedness brings.

And so they are Misery's daughters, these women of evil ways,
 Yet Misery calleth to Mercy as she called in the olden days.

In the streets and marts of the city, roam men of an outcast mien,
 Who are ragged, unkempt and homeless: pallid, and dirty, and lean.
 Some of them drunken and idle, and some of them branded with crimes,
 While others are honest but workless—they have fallen on evil times.
 Some were their own undoing; some suffer through others' wrongs,
 But whatever the cause of the Wretched, they traverse the city in throngs.
 And they meet with scorn and contumely, those men in an evil plight,
 For few there will be who will pity, or help them to do what is right.
 But Christ ever felt for the friendless, against whom the haughty inveighs,
 And Misery calleth to Mercy as she called in the olden days.

There are men, and women, and children, in sickness, and sorrow and strife,
 Who battle 'gainst odds that are fearful, for a bed, a crust and life.
 They are cursed into vice by their heritage, sunk in disgrace through a fault;
 Banned by mankind for a weakness, and doomed to temptation's assault.
 They are thrust by our Scribes and the Pharisees (who have sprung from the old-time stock),
 Into the midst of the scornful, who only look on them to mock.
 Christ, who with pity regards them, seeks to assuage their pain
 By moving the hearts of His children to come to their help again.
 And the beams of His Christly compassion gleam bright through this world's dark haze,
 And Misery calleth to Mercy as she called in the olden days.

Blind Misery called loudly to Mercy, the lame and the leper likewise;
 And Christ, the Lord of all pity, wiped the tears from Misery's eyes.
 So we who are His disciples, and His love in our hearts enshrine,
 Should do as He did when he traversed the fair land of Palestine.
 Should bind up the broken-hearted, should give unto those in need,
 Should pray for the souls in prison, and those who for pardon plead,
 And thus we shall please our dear Master, and we shall His mercy receive
 If we extend mercy to others, and the poor and the fallen relieve.
 Then loosen your purse-strings, disciples, to help those in sorrow's sad maze,
 For Misery calleth to Mercy, as she called in the olden days. J. B.

A Splendid Xmas Gift

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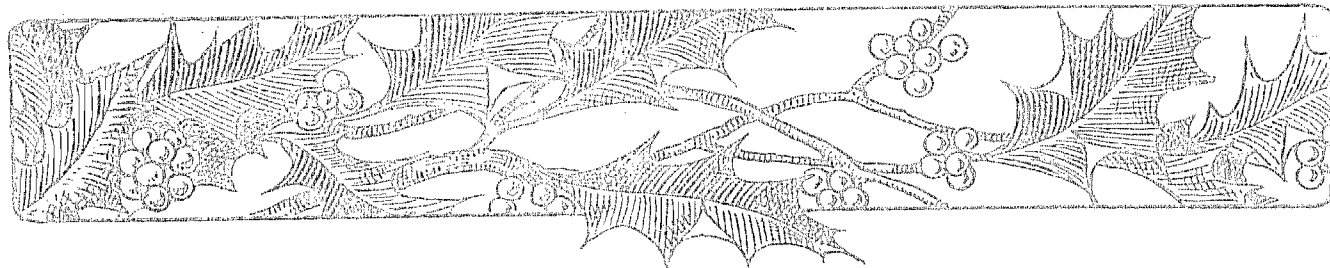
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Subscriptions should be sent to the TRADE SECRETARY, the Temple, James and Albert Sts., Toronto.



Christmas Carols

Christians, Awake!

Tune—N.B.B. 178.

1 Christians, awake! salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born,
Rise to adore the mystery of love
Which hosts of angels chanted from above,
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate, and the virgin's son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, "Be-
hold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,
To you and all the nations of the earth,
This day hath God fulfilled His promised
word;
This day is born a Saviour, Christ, the
Lord."

Christ Has Come.

Tune—Christ for Me.

2 Oh, let us hail the Saviour's birth—
Christ has come!
Sweet Messenger of peace on earth,
Christ has come!
He's come, let men and angels sing,
And through the world the echo ring,
To-day is born our Saviour-King,
Christ has come!

All glory to the new-born King,
Christ has come!
Our hearts adore Him while we sing,
Christ has come!
He's come, the Lord of earth and skies,
And in a lowly manger lies,
To gain for us a Paradise,
Christ has come!

Poor, weary sinner, trembling one,
Christ has come!
He has for you the victory won,
Christ has come!
He's come to save both you and me,
To bear our curse on Calvary,
And every sinner may go free,
Christ has come!

The Purpose of His Birth.

Tune—Glory, Jesus Saves Me.

3 Come, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, Jesus saves me!
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious Kingdom bring.

By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Hail the New-Born King.

Tune—N.B.B. 92.

4 Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Universal nature say,
Christ, the Lord, is born to-day.

Hail the Heavenly Prince of Peace,
Hail the Sun of Righteousness,
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild, He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
Adam's likeness, Lord, efface;
Stamp Thy image in its place;
Oh, to all Thyself impart,
Form'd in each believing heart.